

Our New Serial, 'What Every Woman Forgets,' Begins To-day. See Pages 7, 13, & 14.

The Daily Mirror

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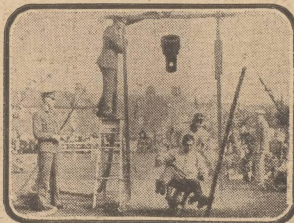
TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1914

One Halfpenny.

SOLDIERS SEE FILM PREPARED TO BOOM THE ARMY: GUARDS AT BRITISH MUSEUM.



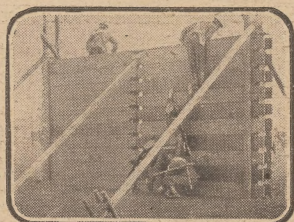
Inside the crowded theatre.



What—



They—



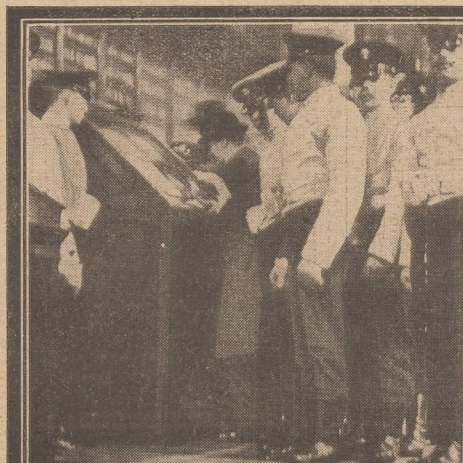
Saw.



Going home happy in the train.

Trainloads of happy soldiers travelled from Aldershot yesterday and sat in comfort in a London theatre watching themselves at work and play. They were the audience at the first performance of the "British Army Film," which has been arranged in

connection with the War Office publicity campaign, and which is sure to prove a powerful stimulant to recruiting. It would take ten hours to show complete, and about 7,000ft. of it was thrown on the screen yesterday.



The War Office is adopting novel methods of educating the soldier, and in addition to the men who saw the Army Film a party of Grenadier Guards paid a visit to the

British Museum yesterday. They are seen examining Captain Scott's journal with deep interest and leaving the building.

FREE FOR 30 DAYS

Unique STRENGTH Course
for Weak Men and Women

THE USUAL PRICE OF 5 GUINEAS.
THIS FREE COURSE IS

TO THE NERVOUS AND THE ILL IN HEALTH IT IS FREE FOR 30 DAYS.

APPLY TO-DAY FOR BOOKLET AND FULL DETAILS.

This fascinating book, which is gladly sent to all who apply on the coupon below for a free Five-Guinea Strength Course, contains a full detailed description of the Pulvermacher (all British) Body Batteries for creating new Nerves and Strength without resorting to drugs or medicines. So intense and penetrative is the Natural Electricity poured into the weakened system by this wonderful strength giving, body building battery belt that it has restored the failing powers and diminishing vigour of thousands of debilitated men and women at home and abroad. Yet it does not bother you a bit and occupies no more space than the illustration shows. You can walk, ride, jump, or run with it on. You can leave it off when cured, or wear it for years if you wish. It stands any test known to science. In every Belt are up to 100 complete Electricity generating cells (Pulvermacher Patents—made in our own Factory). Its non-shocking continuous current penetrates to the remotest tissues and nerves, from the very first moment, filling the weak with glorious New Life Force, Vigour and Energy. It reawakens every form of debilitated tissue to instant activity, soothes pain, tones up the nervous system, accelerates circulation and promotes respiration, digestion and assimilation.

TO PROVE THIS WE ARE OFFERING AS A SPECIAL INDUCEMENT 1,000 5-GUINEA STRENGTH COURSES ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE.

To all sufferers from General Debility, Weakness, Lost Vitality, Varicose, Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles, Constipation, Dyspepsia, &c., in fact, every weak man or woman who has tried drugs and medicines in vain. The Pulvermacher Method of introducing a continuous current of Natural Electricity into the Human System has been warmly commended by the leading physicians of NINE London Hospitals, over fifty members of the London College of Physicians of London, scores of Standard Medical Works, Physicians to Royalty, both in this country and on the Continent of Europe, many learned Scientific Societies, and also by thousands of cured patients. This overwhelming evidence should convince even the most sceptical that Health and Strength lies in the Pulvermacher Method of Curative Electricity.

Address: PULVERMACHER INSTITUTE, Ltd., 5, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. ESTABLISHED 1898.

Natural Electricity is Nature's greatest vital force and this Book alone is WORTH UNTOLD GOLD TO EVERY MAN OR WOMAN whose strength is prematurely failing from whatever cause. It shows you how to cure yourself at home after everything else has failed. It is bringing VIGOROUS STRENGTH AND LASTING HEALTH and happiness to thousands of weak men and women of all ages. If you suffer from weakness or nervousness of any kind read what these writers say and then send up the coupon.

NERVOUS DEBILITY CURED.

12, Justice Street, Belgrave, Leicester, August 6, 1912.
Sirs—Two months ago I purchased your Belt for Weakness and Nervous Debility, and I can honestly say that it is the best treatment I have used. Before I came to you I had been suffering for three years, and had spent pounds on drugs and so-called cures, but derived no benefit whatever. Since I have used your Belt I have been getting stronger and better every day. Yours faithfully,

W. DALBY.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

Royal Victoria Hotel, St. Leonards-on-Sea, April 29, 1913.

Sirs—I feel sure that you will be pleased to hear I have derived great benefit from your Electrical Girdle which I bought about two months ago. The Rheumatism in my legs has completely gone, and I feel much stronger and brighter in every way.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

MAX WINIKER.

USE THIS COUPON.

Any reader of "The Daily Mirror" who suffers from diminishing strength, weakness or general debility, or from any of the ailments described in this announcement, should write to-day (merely sending this Coupon and name and address) for this valuable 30-day Inducement Offer, which will reach you by return, together with a copy of the latest edition of our "Health Guide" Book on Curative Electricity, explaining how you may cure yourself and restore your failing powers without resorting to drugs. Don't delay.

Last five days.

HAMPTONS

Great Furnishing SALE

TO-DAY
and until 24th inst.

Write to-day for
68-page Catalogue
illustrated in colours.

Lot A. SEAMLESS AXMINSTER CARPETS at a saving of 2s. 3d. per sq. yd. These are of the best British manufacture. Hamptons guarantee them to be of the regular standard quality and perfect in every respect. There is a great variety of designs and colours. Sizes and prices as follows:—

| ft. in. | ft. in. | £ s. d. | ft. in. | ft. in. | £ s. d. | ft. in. | ft. in. | £ s. d. | ft. in. | ft. in. | £ s. d. |
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Lot No. 57.—LINOLEUMS. 14,500 yards various qualities all reduced. Hampton's entire stock of Linoleums are considerably reduced in price.

PRINTED LINOLEUMS in a great variety of designs ... Reduced from 0/11 to 0/8 per sq. yd.

INLAID LINOLEUM "C" or third quality ... Reduced from 1/2 to 1/10 per sq. yd.

Also pieces of finest quality MARBLE LINOLEUM ... Reduced from 1/7 to 1/10 per sq. yd.

FABRICS AT LESS THAN HALF PRICE.

CRETONNES AND GLAZED COTTON CASEMENT CLOTHS. 4,800 yards, specially shrunk for Casement Curtains. In Ivory or Cream only.

K4. 31 in. wide ... Usually 6/1d. ... Reduced to 3/11d.

K5. 31 in. wide ... Usually 6/1d. ... Reduced to 3/11d.

K6. 32 in. wide ... Usually 6/1d. ... Reduced to 3/11d.

160 DESIGNS OF OUR STANDARD QUALITY LINENS, TAFFETAS AND CRETONNES at following reductions:

50 in. printed Taffetas ... Reduced from 3/11 to 1/3d.

" " Linens ... " 5/6 to 2/11 "

" " Taffetas ... " 5/6 to 2/11 "

" " Cretonnes ... " 5/11 to 2/11 "

" " Linens ... " 5/11 to 2/11 "

" " Taffetas ... " 5/11 to 2/11 "

Remnants and last day of Sale Saturday next, 24th inst.

For thousands of other unequalled bargains in High-class Furniture, Carpets, Fabrics, Curtains, Linens, Wallpapers, Screens, Pianos, Fine Arts, China, Ironmongery, &c., see the Illustrated Sale Catalogue of HAMPTON & SONS, LD., PALM MALL EAST, S.W.

The Grocer recommends

GOLDEN SHRED MARMALADE

He knows it's purest and best.

ROBERTSON'S Only Maker.

Height Increased

3 INCHES IN THREE MONTHS

By adopting my simple system. No apparatus. No medicines. Ordinary habits retained. Send three penny stamps for particulars to

PROFESSOR PROWSE, Specialist in Height Increase, 56, NORTH END CHAMBERS, CROYDON.

N.B.—Ladies should send three penny stamps for my Height & Beauty Course.



Scott's Porage Oats

are all nutriment. No husk, no fibre. No soaking. Nothing but the kernel of the finest Scotch Oats.

Cook in 5 minutes. Requires no Special Cooker. Serve them to-morrow.



Scott's Porage Oats—The Ideal First Meal.

Made only by A. & R. SCOTT, LTD., at Colinton, in the Heart of Midlothian.

Husband—no appetite—must be tempted—cold food—cold looks—no luck.

A penny—a packet of Edwards' Soup—a big bowl—delicious soup—great success—have it again—to-morrow.

Try Tomato one day, Vegetable the next. And with Edwards' Brown Soup you can turn any cold food into a splendid hot dish.

1d, 4d, 8d, 1/3.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

MUST GIVE YOU SATISFACTION

It is the Sweetest, Cleanest, Dressing ever marketed, and really does keep the Hair in beautiful wave.

Cleanses and Refreshes the Scalp. Feeds the Hair Follicles. Strengthens Thin and Weak Hair, and Produces Thick, Lustrous, Brilliant Tresses.

CLEAR AS CRYSTAL. CONTAINS NO DYE, OIL OR GREASE.

DELIGHTFULLY COOLING, REFRESHING, AND INVIGORATING TO THE SCALP.

Price 1/-, 2/- & 4/- per bot. Sold by all Chemists and Stores, or sent direct, post free, on receipt of price.

GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER!

Genuine and Generous Rebate, in order that readers may test "KOKO" at a fraction of its regular cost. Supported ONLY to each person on these terms A 4/6 full-size bottle for 2/4 (POST FREE).

Any reader forwarding the Coupon attached with P.O. for 2/- and four penny stamps to pay postage, will receive a special 4/6 bottle of Koko, providing it is ordered no later than ten days from date of this Coupon. We make this offer, solely for trial, knowing it creates a demand when once tried, and this little bottle gives it a fair trial.

Address all orders with Coupon to KOKO MARICOPAS CO. LTD., 16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON E.C. West End Depot (for callers only) 22-24, GREAT PORTLAND ST., W.

C.U.11

"KOKO" SPECIAL REBATE COUPON

20/1/14

GREAT MARCH TO SEE ARMY FILM.

Tommy Atkins Comes to Town
1,200 Strong.

"SEE YOUR BOYS."

Officers Rush to the Windows to
See the Men Go Swinging By.

The British Army is soon going to be a great deal more popular, because better understood, than it has ever been before.

The wonderful new cinematograph film, "The British Army: How It Is Made and Used," was shown, condensed, yesterday afternoon at the Palace Theatre before an audience which included many distinguished officers and about 1,200 troops representing every unit in the Aldershot Command, and other branches of the service also.

On their arrival at Waterloo the Aldershot men had formed up in a column of four deep on the platform, and a few minutes later, headed by the band of the Royal Fusiliers playing ragtime tunes, they left the station, via the Westminster Bridge-road exit. Following the band came a detachment of the Royal Horse Artillery, with representatives of the other regiments, each headed by an officer.

The men marched past the Trocadero just as an inaugural lunch, at which Sir Edward Ward presided, was concluding. An elderly officer called excitedly to Sir Edward Ward, "Come and see your boys," and Sir Edward and other veterans ran to the windows as eagerly as though they had never seen soldiers marching in their lives.

Marching six abreast the men looked splendid, and tens of thousands of people cheered them on their way.

Guardsmen and Household Cavalry, men of the Royal Flying Corps in khaki, Royal Horse Artillerymen, sappers, engineers, cavalry infantry—all types were there. Men had come from Shoburyness, Chatham and Hythe as well, but the bulk came from Aldershot. All were given good seats at the theatre.

SOLDIERS CHEER LORD ROBERTS.

"This film is intended to show the British taxpayer the Army for which he pays," said Sir Edward Ward at the luncheon, "and which I may say, as no longer an official, he gets at a very low price." The ex-Under-Secretary for War was very heartily received everywhere.

There was no more interested spectator of the British Army film than Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, who reached the Palace Theatre in a taxicab. As he entered one of the boxes the soldiers rose to their feet, the rest of the audience following suit, and the great commander was cheered for several moments.

After the great film had been exhibited a film showing the great soldier alighting, paying the driver of his taxicab and entering the theatre was thrown on the screen amidst further cheering.

Both officers and men equally enjoyed the display, the latter from the upper parts of the house applauding at one moment or laughing at incidents which evoked memories such as the rawness of the recruit and his first drill.

They were not sparing of their criticisms either. "Not enough barrack-room and too much field-work, is my opinion," said a corporal of the Grenadier Guards. "They ought to give more ambulance work," said an R.A.M.C. man.

As the Aldershot men marched back to Waterloo by way of Piccadilly Circus and the Strand they were cheered everywhere by the crowd in the streets.

The men of the Royal Flying Corps, in their smart, close-fitting khaki uniforms, were incontestably the most popular with the public, men and women alike. It was wonderful to see the multitude of civilians of both sexes who marched before and beside the troops. (Photographs on page 1.)

FILM OF 25,000 SOLDIERS.

The great Army film would take ten hours to show complete, but about 7,000ft. of it was shown yesterday, and will be shown to public audiences at the Palace Theatre to-day, and on Thursday and Friday next. It will be released for the picture palaces of the kingdom generally on February 23 next.

The film took eight months to prepare. Over 25,000 troops were employed. Not a single professional cinema actor appears on it.

Mr. Keith-Jones, one of the producers of the great film, told how an officer "haw-haved" something to him—he didn't see why they wanted any "beastly film"—not seeing the value of the film as a national asset. "But I have him on the film taking over a Maxim gun from the quartermaster," said Mr. Keith-Jones.

ALDERSHOT, Jan. 19.—When the troops boarded the train at Aldershot to-day they found that each carriage contained a special table and a pack of cards. A luncheon, too, was served en route.

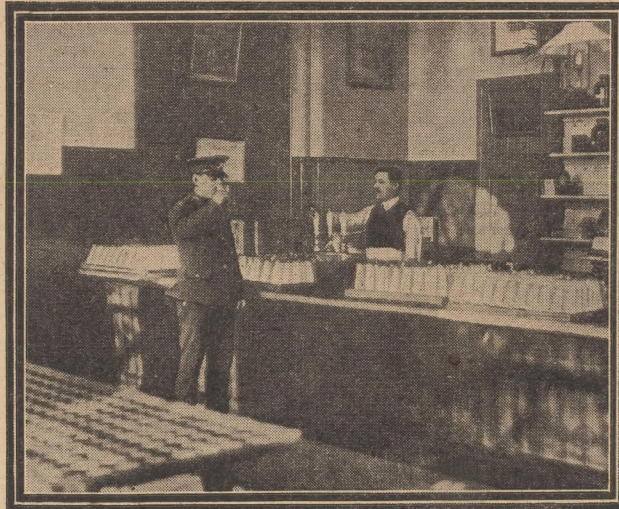
£30,000 FOR A HOLBEIN.

Another historic old master has just changed hands.

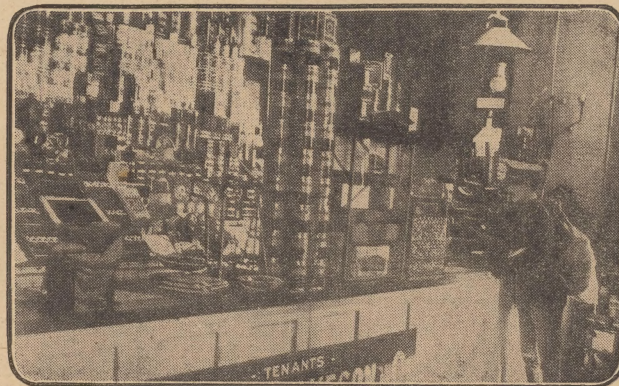
It is Holbein's famous portrait of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, known as the Caledon Cromwell, which has been in the possession of the Earl of Caledon's family for many years, and it has been sold for more than £30,000 to Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, the art dealers.

Lord Caledon is twenty-eight, a lieutenant in the 1st Life Guards, owns about 30,000 acres, and is a keen motorist. He is an Irish peer.

THE ARMY SCANDAL: THE 'WET' AND 'DRY' CANTEEN.



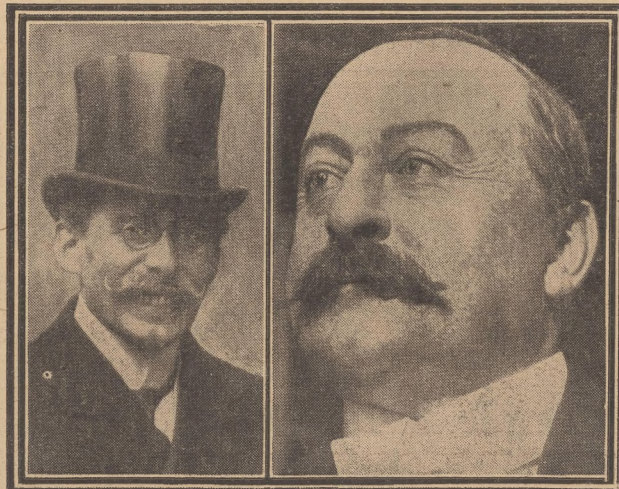
In the "wet" canteen, which is the soldiers' club.



In the "dry" canteen, his "Army and Navy stores."

It is interesting to note now that the Army bribery case is proceeding that the canteen has two departments, the "wet" and the "dry." In the former the soldier gets refreshment and plays games, in the latter he buys his luxuries.

SUDDEN COLLAPSE OF THE SIEVIER TRIAL.



Mr. T. H. Dey.

Mr. R. S. Sievier.

A formal verdict of Not Guilty was returned in the Sievier trial, which came to an abrupt end yesterday. Mr. Sievier was accused of blackmail by Mr. T. H. Dey, a bookmaker, but the prosecution withdrew.

SUBMARINE A7 "MUST BE FOUND."

Admiralty's Order to Augmented
Torpedo Craft.

SECOND GRIP OBTAINED.

Submarine A7, with her gallant dead still lies at the bottom of Whitsand Bay, but before the twelve torpedo-boats engaged in sweeping the bed of the sea with hawsers left the searching ground late yesterday afternoon one of the hawsers just gripped.

The position of the lost submarine, however, was not located with certainty.

This is the second grip obtained since the search began, and two of the destroyers were ordered to stand by. A diver will be sent down on the sweeping being resumed to-day.

One of the local harbour-masters describes the sea bottom out in the bay as broken and rocky, the grounds at twenty-four fathoms being avoided by fishermen because of the damage sustained to their trawling gear.

The order of the Admiralty to the torpedo-boat flotilla searching for the sunken submarine has been that the A7 "must be found."

Since Friday's disaster the demand has been made by certain naval critics that the use of the A class of submarine for instructional purposes should be abandoned.

The authorities, however, deny that the vessels of the A class are dangerous or that they are distributed by the men.

The officials, in replying to further criticisms, declare:—

1.—There was no delay in signalling the news of the accident.

2.—No apparatus could have lifted the vessel from her position, twenty-four fathoms deep, within twenty-four hours.

3.—No waterplane could have located her at that depth.

(Photograph on page 10.)

HEROES' WIDOWS NEED HELP.

What will be done for the widows of the crew of the lost submarine? Will a grateful country reward them with the dole of 5s. a week and 1s. 6d. for each child which the Admiralty holds to be adequate recognition of the services of the men who



Two of the men who went down with the A7. They are Sub-Lieutenant Robert Herman Grant Morrison and Able Seaman Frederick Charles Harris. The latter belonged to Bootle, near Liverpool. (Russell.)

die heroes' deaths in a steel tomb far beneath the surface of the sea?

It will be recalled that, following on the sinking of the B2 in October, 1912, the miserable pittance which was granted to the widows led to a public outcry, to which many of our foremost public men added the weight of their words.

But popular opinion failed to pierce the official armour of the Admiralty, and had it not been for the Naval Disasters Fund, a private organisation at Portsmouth, the widows would have received their 5s. a week and nothing more.

Now, probably anticipating a similar need of "gratitude" from the Government to the men who so willingly sacrifice their lives in the nation's interest, the Mayor of Portsmouth, Mr. J. H. Corke, makes an appeal for public subscriptions to the Naval Disasters Fund.

ULSTER'S PRAYER.

"God Give Us Men at a Time Like
This," Says Sir E. Carson.

"God give us men at a time like this—men of great hearts, strong minds, true faith and willing hands."

These were the fervent words of Sir Edward Carson, who defined Ulster's attitude last night at the Unionist demonstration at Belfast. He said that—

He was almost tired of speaking and longed for action. Come what would, he would see this fight through to the finish.

They would prostrate themselves before the Throne and ask their King to save them. They would tell his Majesty he had no more devoted subjects; that in the darkest days they never refused to stand by him, and that to-morrow, if his kingdom was threatened, the volunteers would be the very first to assist him.

"We are entering on what has been called the last lap in this great fight. It is a grave year for us. The gravest probably any of us have ever entered."

Lord Londonderry said they stood on the brink of civil war, and before the year closed the storm might break.

LORD STRATHCONA'S ILLNESS.

There was no change early this morning in the condition of Lord Strathcona, the High Commissioner of Canada, which was stated last night to be critical. It is feared that he is slowly sinking.

Lord Strathcona, who is in his ninety-fourth year, has been suffering from catarrhal cold for some days, complicated by great prostration due to threatened heart failure.

At a late hour last night Lord Strathcona was able to talk to his relatives at his bedside.

MR. R. S. SIEVIER NOT GUILTY.

Blackmail Charge Suddenly Collapses at the Old Bailey.

MUTUAL UNDERTAKING.

The trial of Mr. R. S. Sievier, the sporting journalist, on a charge of blackmail, brought against him by Mr. T. H. Dey, bookmaker, collapsed suddenly at the Old Bailey yesterday.

The prosecution withdrew and the jury returned a formal verdict of Not Guilty.

It was just after the luncheon interval that the end came. The Judge's return to court had been delayed for nearly half an hour, and meanwhile conversations were carried on in and out of court by the representatives of either side.

When Mr. Justice Bailhache came into court Mr. Dey said that, with his Lordship's permission, he desired to withdraw the prosecution and to allow a verdict of Not Guilty.

The defendant had agreed absolutely to withdraw certain imputations upon the prosecutor, and both Mr. Dey and Mr. Sievier would undertake not to libel or attack each other in future.

The Judge (to Mr. Sievier): Have you been informed of this intention?

The Defendant: Yes.

The Judge: Do you agree with what counsel has said?

The Defendant: I agree to that, but I want, while I have this opportunity, to say that I came here quite prepared with my answer to this charge.

WHY THE JUDGE CONSENTED.

The Judge remarked that under the circumstances he did not think it his duty to insist on the prosecution proceeding.

"A charge of blackmail is a very serious charge, a very grievous public offence, and if it is brought home to a man it ought to be, and it would be, severely punished," added the Judge.

But in this case there were special circumstances. They were:—

(1) The alleged offence was seven years old.

(2) It was not a case in which the prosecution was instituted to protect the public, but one in which there had been a series of quarrels between the parties for a number of years.

(3) Mr. Dey was very unwell, and it would be dangerous to his health to continue in the witness-box.

"I think, taking all these circumstances into account, I should not be failing in my duty if I allowed this prosecution to be withdrawn," closed the Judge.

Mr. Sievier conducted his own defence, and obtained the Judge's permission to sit at the solicitors' table.

The indictment charged him with unlawfully threatening Mr. Dey to print and publish divert matters concerning him with intent to extort money.

ART OF BLACKMAIL DEFINED.

Mr. McCall, K.C., in opening for the prosecution, said that in 1907 Mr. Dey was carrying on a large business as a bookmaker. Mr. Sievier had been a bookmaker, and had formerly employed Mr. Dey.

Mr. Dey had lent Mr. Sievier money from time to time and was a regular advertiser in the *Winning Post*, which Mr. Sievier had started in 1904.

On November 27, 1906, Mr. Dey gave notice discontinuing his advertisements for the time being. In the following month Mr. Sievier asked Mr. Dey for a loan of £200, but this was refused.

From that day, counsel said, the defendant set himself to find out what would be injurious to Mr. Dey and to publish that in his newspaper.

As a result of attacks upon him, Mr. Dey issued a writ for libel against Mr. Sievier and against the *Winning Post*.

Afterwards Mr. Clarke, a shareholder in the newspaper company, an old friend of Mr. Sievier, called upon Mr. Dey, telling him that the defendant would withdraw the attacks and make his position right with the public if he paid £1,500.

Mr. Dey would not agree, and subsequently Mr. Clarke saw him again and said that Mr. Sievier would take £1,000.

Rather than that his business would be irreparably injured, Mr. Dey thought it would be easier to accede to the terms that had been proposed by Mr. Clarke.

Mr. Dey entered the witness-box and told his story. During his evidence he complained of feeling ill. (Photographs on page 3.)

MR. BURNS DIRECTS EJECTIONS.

Mr. John Burns, the President of the Local Government Board, himself directed the operations of stewards who had to eject suffragette interrupters at his meeting at Streatham last night.

"Ask that girl to go out and take the next one as well," said Mr. Burns calmly when the interrupters began.

"Out with him!" Mr. Burns cried, when a male suffragist shouted. When the interrupter clung to the chair, the President of the Board of Trade added: "This way. Take the chair as well."

After attacking his wife with tongs, a shoemaker named Ramsay has been found drowned, head downwards, in a water tub at Dalry, Kirkcudbrightshire.

TODAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Freshening easterly and south-easterly winds; fair and brighter than of late; frosty, with slight snow in places.

Lightning time, 9.24 p.m. High water at London Bridge, 7.47 a.m. and 8.16 p.m.

LONDON OBSERVATIONS. Holborn: Clouds, City, 6 p.m.: Barometer, 30.04 in.; falling; temperature, 24 deg.; wind, N.E., moderate; weather, cloudy and cold.

Sea passages will be moderate or rather rough.

"BREAD LINE" COMEDY.

Claims by Two Women To Have Their Names Printed On Charity Loaves.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—There has been an amusing sequel to the bequest of £30,000 made by Mr. Henry Gescheidt, a wealthy solicitor, for the maintenance of a "bread line" for New York's homeless poor.

He had directed that each loaf distributed should bear his name in raised letters. A demand has now been made, both by Mrs. Minnie D. Gescheidt, his first wife, who divorced him, and by Mrs. Katharine Puck Gescheidt, his widow, that their names also should appear. The poor are likely to benefit by the increase in the size of the loaves that will be necessary if these claims are established. Three names will take up a good deal of room.

Mrs. Minnie Gescheidt declared to-day at her home at Brooklyn that she will not contest the will, but wishes that each loaf should bear her name.

"I divorced Mr. Gescheidt in 1900," she said, "and the Courts awarded me the custody of our daughter, who is now sixteen."

"Mr. Gescheidt often called here. He was very sentimental, even after I divorced him, and sometimes sent me poetry."

DID MORE THAN RAY COULD.



Miss Maggie Teyte and Francis Ouimet, after a game of golf in which the victory rested with the well-known singer. Ouimet, it will be remembered, scored a sensational victory over Harry Vardon and Edward Ray, the famous English professionals, in the American golf championship.

LONDON'S COAL SUPPLY IN DANGER

Is London's coal supply to be held up by a general strike of coal porters and carters?

This important question will be decided to-day, when the London coal merchants will, at the London Chamber of Commerce receive a deputation from the National Amalgamated Coal Porters' Society.

The men demand an all-round increase of pay, failing which a strike will probably result in all parts of the metropolis.

THIEF'S LOOPHOLE.

Why It Is There Are So Many Robberies in Flats.

EVER-OPEN WINDOW.

London just now is suffering from an epidemic of flat burglaries.

From all the well-known flat neighbourhoods, including Hammersmith, Maida Vale and West Kensington come reports of a succession of undetected robberies which are driving residents and landlords to despair.

The burglaries are nearly all of a petty nature, but the perpetrators act with a daring that is worthy of greater things.

The thieves, it appears, confine their attention to ground-floor flats. In very few cases have they actually broken in, but they take advantage of residents' carelessness in leaving kitchen or pantry windows open to make a quick and silent entry and a quicker and more silent exit, taking everything they can lay their hands on in the space of two or three minutes.

"These petty robberies are becoming an intolerable nuisance," the representative of the owners of large blocks of flats in the Hammersmith district told *The Daily Mirror*. "In the last three or four weeks there have been fourteen such visitations in two blocks of flats under my care."

AN UNKIND CUT.

"The porters cannot be perpetually watching all the flats, and the thieves seize the opportunity when their backs are turned to make their entry through unwatched windows. The scheme seems to be for one man to keep watch while one enters."

"They do not appear to care whether the residents are in the flats at the time or not. In fact, most of the robberies have taken place just after dusk, between the hours of five and nine, when the residents have been either at tea or dinner."

"In most cases the intruders content themselves with taking hats and coats from the hall and other articles of not very considerable value, but in one case which occurred a few days ago valuable jewellery was taken from a bedroom while the resident and his wife were at tea in the dining-room adjoining."

The husband thought he heard a sound and ran out just in time to see a man disappearing through the kitchen window. He dashed after him and caught hold of his coat, but the thief cut his hand open with a sharp instrument and got away.

"A street watch has, of course, been kept, but in flats which have a continuous tradesmen's pathway open to the street at the back it is a difficult matter to detect the thieves."

THE DECOLLETTE AGE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

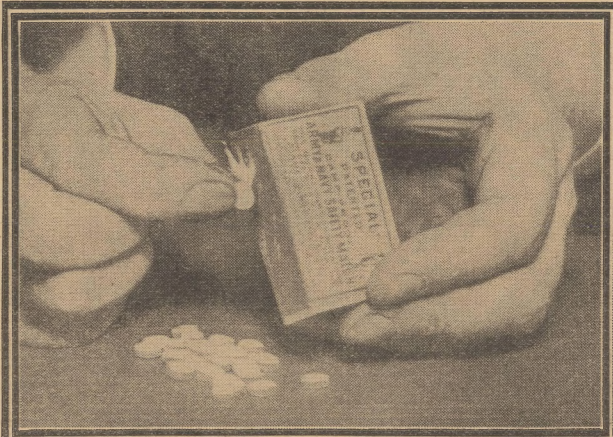
PARIS, Jan. 19.—"Our newest models are more décollette than any fashions for twenty years past," says the manageress of Lucile's. "They are cut with great depth, not only in front and at the back, but also at the side beneath the arms."

"Morning dresses are also being cut with increased décollette. The effect of the new gowns at a casual glance is that of a dress which has accidentally slipped down to just above the waist and is held up by a thin slip of material over one shoulder."

Muffs for the legs are a fashion accompanying the unusually long spell of bitterly cold weather still prevailing in Paris.

On Page 13.—Woman Who Married "Be-nath Her"; Offer to Sell a Husband; Two Brides-to-Be.

EXPLOSION IN A MAN'S POCKET.



While travelling in a train between Cambridge and King's Lynn a man was severely burned as a result of his clothing being set on fire. The cause was an explosion brought about by chlorate of potash pellets rubbing against the phosphorus striking surface of a safety match box. The picture shows what the friction does.—(*Daily Mirror*) photograph.)

EARL AS CO-RESPONDENT.

Judge Refuses Lord Fitzwilliam's Request to Expedite Case.

The pending divorce suit of Mr. Alexander Brodrick Leslie-Melville, J.P., a director of the Union of London and Smiths Bank, in which Earl Fitzwilliam has been cited as one of the co-respondents, was mentioned to Sir Samuel Evans in the Divorce Court yesterday.

Mr. McCordie, on behalf of Lord Fitzwilliam, asked that the trial might be expedited.

The petition, he said, was presented on August 1 last, and particulars were delivered on September 17. On September 22 the answer of Lord Fitzwilliam was filed, and the case was set down for hearing on November 18 last.

On Thursday last, however, the widest publicity was given in the Press to the pending suit. Lord Fitzwilliam desired that the earliest opportunity should be afforded him of dealing fully with the allegations made against him, and he (counsel) suggested that the case should be taken about one month from the present time, otherwise he feared that the action would not come on till the end of the present term.

Mr. Willis, on behalf of Mrs. Leslie-Melville, and Mr. Victor Russell, who said that he appeared on behalf of the other co-respondent cited, Mr. Thomas Comyn Platt, agreed to the course proposed.

On behalf of the petitioner Mr. Bayford said that his client was equally anxious to get the matter over.

Sir Samuel Evans: I know nothing of what has appeared in the Press, except what I have just heard. I regret it, but it is no ground for expediting the trial.

Mr. McCordie added that one of the particular reasons for his application was that the newspapers, in announcing the suit, did not state that Lord Fitzwilliam wholly denied the charges.

Sir Samuel Evans: All I know is that notices of this kind in the Press do not seem to me any ground for expediting the trial and delaying those whose cases have been entered before. Any mention as to the costs of this application must be made at the trial.

THE SLIPPER THAT SLIPPED.

How a nurse lost a slipper through a skylight on a neighbour's roof was told yesterday at Exeter, when Hannah Elliott, nurse to a dentist's wife, accused of being unlawfully on the premises of a hairdresser's house in the early morning, was discharged, though the magistrate held that the case was one of grave suspicion.

She explained that at 1.30 a.m. on Sunday, finding she could not sleep, she went out on to the dentist's roof for a cigarette and a breath of air. Wishing to "have a look at the street lights," she made her way on to the roof of other houses. While returning she accidentally put her foot through the hairdresser's skylight and lost a slipper.

Her journey included the crossing of a 10-in. plank, the negotiation of a 20ft. gutter with her hands on the roof, and the climbing of a 10ft. chimney-stack.

THE KING TO DESCEND COAL-PIT?

During the King and Queen's visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck Abbey next June, it is intended after they have opened the King Edward memorial wing of Mansfield Hospital, to invite them to inspect the underground workings of one of the largest coal-pits in the district. They are to be asked, also, to visit Nottingham.

NIGHT WATCHMAN GAGGED.

By disguising himself as a railway porter, a policeman kept watch on three men named John Elliott, Daniel Johnson and James Litt, who were found guilty at the Old Bailey yesterday of breaking into the premises of a West Ham pawnbroker and inflicting bodily harm on a night watchman. Sentences were deferred.

The night watchman, George Robb, it was stated, was employed to guard a quantity of furniture kept under canvas near the premises of William Norris in Green-street, West Ham. Robb was decoyed away, and on returning he was stunned by two violent blows, bound and gagged.

JURY'S EXIT THROUGH WINDOW.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 19.—A coroner's jury had an awkward experience to-day.

Prior to attending the court they were taken in a motor-omnibus to the mortuary, and on returning the door of the vehicle could not be opened.

The imprisoned jurymen had to be got out one by one through the window, and this operation delayed the inquest for twenty minutes.

THREATENED PRIEST RESIGNS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Jan. 19.—The Abbé Lemire, the first priest ever elected a Vice-President for the French Chamber of Deputies, has resigned the post.

Though he has been threatened by his Bishop with excommunication should he become a candidate again at the forthcoming elections, he states that his resignation has not been prompted by pressure of any kind.

INDIAN INSPECTOR SHOT.

BOMBAY, Jan. 19.—A Bengali inspector of the Criminal Investigation Department was shot to death tonight when leaving a tramway-car. The crime is attributed to an Anarchist.—Central News.



Marquis of Tullibardine.

Atholl has made over half his land, remember, when in Egypt, trudging over the sands where for nine months he had not seen a blade of grass, and one day, when going from Omdurman towards Khartum, he suddenly came upon an English rose. This greatly revived his spirits, and he has told how proud he felt of his buttonhole. Later on he learned that the rose had grown within a few yards of where General Gordon was killed. He tried to bring the bush home, but unfortunately it died on the journey.

A National Disaster.

Scotland is threatened with dearer whisky—as a result of the new Scottish Temperance Act—and it remains to be seen whether Scotland will "take it lying down." The devotion of the man north of the Tweed to his national beverage is illustrated by a story told by the late Canon Ainger. A Scotsman of convivial habits had been invited to a dinner-party at which there was no lack of champagne. But he appeared very dissatisfied, and at last burst forth with the remark: "I hope there's some whisky coming. I get verra tired of these mineral waters!"

The Doctor on Drinks.

It is a little singular that there is no reference to whisky in Boswell's "Life of Johnson." The Doctor must have come across it during his journeys in the Highlands. We know Johnson's opinion of the relative values of drinks. "Claret," he said, "is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy."

The Emotional Stocking.

Some fanciful women are now having hearts and cupid's arrows embroidered on their stockings. They cannot be said to carry their hearts on their sleeves.

"The Big Box."

It is remarkable the amount of wagering which has already taken place over the Wells v. Blake boxing match. Wells is the favourite, but some of the best judges are Blake's willing backers. The odds are six to four.

Names and Faces.

The scene was St. James's-street one day last week. A man and a woman saw Mr. Lloyd George approaching, but the woman was so interested in her own conversation that she did not realise the identity of the Chancellor. Her companion nudged her and observed: "Do you know who that is?" She stared at Mr. Lloyd George for a moment and then observed:



Mr. Lloyd George.

"Oh, of course I know him quite well—his face is quite familiar to me—I've heard him play often—but I can never remember these pianists' names." Why will the Chancellor wear his hair so long?

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Marquis and Rose.

The Marquis of Tullibardine, to whom the Duke of Atholl has made over half his land, remember, when in Egypt, trudging over the sands where for nine months he had not seen a blade of grass, and one day, when going from Omdurman towards Khartum, he suddenly came upon an English rose. This greatly revived his spirits, and he has told how proud he felt of his buttonhole. Later on he learned that the rose had grown within a few yards of where General Gordon was killed. He tried to bring the bush home, but unfortunately it died on the journey.

Deaf Man Who Heard.

The sad news about Lord Strathcona reminds me of a story in which I played a leading part but not shining part. Lord Strathcona at the time was beginning to become very deaf, and I was a young reporter who had to interview him. After shouting out "Good afternoon" three times and being asked to speak up each time, I simply bellowed out "Good afternoon. Now can you hear me?" Lord Strathcona smiled. He had only been testing my temper.

Our Changing Times.

We live in revolutionary times in China. The President of that remarkable Republic has just issued a decree forbidding parents to affiance children in marriage before birth!

Mr. Romaine Mistakes the Cloth.

There was a splendid gathering at the Hotel Cecil on Sunday night, when the Music-Hall Ladies' Guild, which does so much charitable work, held its annual supper and fancy dress ball. It was an evening full of incidents, and at least one of them is worth recording. The Rev. Stephen Barrass arrived, as usual, in his bands and cassock. Mr. Edgar Romaine had not met the reverend gentleman before, and Mr. Romaine happened to be taking a keen interest in the various fancy-dress costumes. So he walked up to the Rev. Stephen Barrass, shook him heartily by the hand, and said: "I must really congratulate you on a most excellent 'make-up.'" The clergyman enjoyed the joke as much as anybody.

The Invasion Scare.

On the staircase at the Cecil I was startled to meet a German War Lord in full regimentals. His aspect was so stern that for the moment I thought of invasion and foreign foes. But it was only Charles Austin disguised beyond recognition as a German general.

Pearls in Mussels.

Mr. William Tagg is a costermonger who sells mussels. He writes to tell me that one of his customers last week discovered four small pearls in some mussels which she had bought from his barrow. A pawnbroker purchased the pearls for a few shillings.

Return to the Bustle.

It is whispered in dressmaking circles in Paris that before long we shall see a return to the old-fashioned bustle of Victorian days. Spring hats of horsehair and tagal will be trimmed with strips of light-coloured embroidered canvas, relieved with garlands of flowers, myosotis, roses or pinks. These embroidered strips will be finished off with a black velvet bow or simple steel buckle. Tartan tailor-mades will be worn almost exclusively during the coming spring.

Royalty and the Cinema.

The Royal Family share the general liking for film pictures, and on several occasions at Sandringham their Majesties have been entertained in this way, notably by the Army film. Princess Mary and her brothers have frequently enjoyed the pictures, and not so long since the Princess Royal arranged a cinema performance at Mar Lodge which was attended by Prince Arthur and her daughters.

The Emerald Fashionable.

The emerald is to be the fashionable stone again, and all the finest jewellery now is being set with this stone.

The Social Whirl.

The people who said that skating had gone out of fashion some little time ago should have been present at the Olympia Skating Club, Earl's Court, on Sunday afternoon. Amongst others, I noticed Prince Alexander of Battenberg, Lord Churchill, Lord George Cholmondeley, Viscountess Gort (wearing black and leopard skin furs), and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Craven (in black and fox furs).

Everybody's enjoyment was obvious.

Irish Stories.

There are a number of interesting stories in Lady Gregory's new book, "Our Irish Theatre." One of them is of a somewhat gruesome character. While the excavations were being made for the building of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin in 1904 Mr. W. B. Yeats wrote to Lady Gregory:—"The other day, while digging up some old rubbish in the morgue, which is being used for dressing-rooms, they found human bones. The workmen thought they had lit on a murder, but the caretaker said, 'Oh, I remember; we lost a body about seven years ago. When the time for the inquest came it couldn't be found.'"

"Countess Cathleen."

The incident appears to have had a sequel. At any rate, Lady Gregory confesses that she remembers it when, some years later, Mr. Yeats wrote to her from the Abbey:—"The other day, at a performance of the 'Countess Cathleen,' one of the players stopped in the midst of his speech, and it was a moment or two before he could go on. He told me afterwards his shoulder had suddenly been grasped by an invisible hand."

The Youthful Punster.

Master Rupert Brooke is only ten years of age, but he has his own individual sense of humour. When his parents told him about the surrender of the South African strike leaders last week Master Rupert observed: "The strikers must think it an awful Botha." If we pardon this as a first offence, it must not be held as a precedent.



The Duke of Portland.

A Popular Host.

The Duke of Portland, who is giving his support to the Ulster resistance movement, is generally voted one of the best hosts in society. He and the Duchess are amongst the King's closest friends, and they enjoy the friendship of many foreign royalties. It will be recalled the Duke entertained the Austrian war lord on his recent visit to London, and Franz Ferdinand subsequently declared he had never enjoyed himself better in his life.

A Man of Parts.

Mr. Robert S. Sievier, who is becoming quite an indefatigable litigant, is a man of many parts. Last year a London newspaper wanted to send a representative to the Royal Military Tournament. The only person available was the religious editor. This gentleman informed the person who sat next to him that his interests were centred in theology rather than militarism, and he was delighted to find in this casual acquaintance an authority on theology. They discussed the saints all the afternoon. When the casual acquaintance had departed the religious editor was more than a little surprised when a stranger said: "I suppose you know, sir, you've been talking to Bob Sievier?"

Wanted, a Wife and £5,000.

A correspondent has written to ask me to find him a wife. She must be 5ft. 11in. tall, fair, good-humoured and well-educated. She must also have £5,000. I have found many things in my life, but this seems a task of peculiar difficulty. Anyhow, I am not running a matrimonial agency.

They Love the Soldiers.

Large crowds, mostly composed of women, congregated outside the Palace Theatre yesterday afternoon. They were waiting to see the Army's advertising march. The old joke about women and a uniform has still some point.

No Fear!

Sackville-street and Jermyn-street fashion experts assure me that there is no fear that the vivid scarlet shirt and scarlet soft collar worn with a black scarf by an habituée of a Regent-street cafe will be widely adopted by Mayfair men of taste.

Not One Lion, but Eleven.

Sir Thomas Dewar, who is big game hunting in Uganda, has more than achieved the ambition of his sporting life—to shoot his first lion. "I saw three last year," he said before leaving England, "and I hope to have the luck to shoot one this time." Now news comes from Nairobi that Sir Thomas has not shot one lion, but eleven lions, besides twenty-five other varieties of big game.



Sir Thomas Dewar.

THE RAMBLER.

£200,000 DEBTS.

Man in a Sanatorium Required to Divulge His Address.

After a statement that he was suffering from mental trouble and had gone to a sanatorium, the application of Mr. Edward James Pape, late of Dover-street, Piccadilly, for his discharge was adjourned yesterday at the London Bankruptcy Court till April 27.

Mr. Pape's liabilities total £200,000 and his assets £2. Lord Ashburton and the late Maharajah of Cooh Behar were two of the principal creditors in regard to large sums advanced.

The Official Receiver said that he had tried to get into communication with Mr. Pape, but had failed to find him. In November and December Mr. Pape was offering himself as a witness to give evidence in the case of Lord de la Warr, at a time when he was supposed to be unable to attend for his own examination.

Mr. Clavell Salter said the adjournments in this case had been without precedent. The public examination had been adjourned seven times.

"I have a witness here," he added, "who has seen Mr. Pape about London looking the picture of health. He has been at a certain restaurant—a place to which people go who are in particularly robust health—to enjoy large helpings of roast beef and other old English fare."

After a doctor's certificate had been put in, the Registrar adjourned the case, but on condition that debtor should communicate his address.

A CHAMBERLAIN MAN.

Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., to Retire from Parliament at the Next Election.

Mr. Jesse Collings, the venerable Parliamentarian, has resolved to retire from the representation of the Bordesley Division of Birmingham at the next general election.

"For over half a century, in close and unbroken friendship, Mr. Chamberlain and I have worked together in perfect agreement, in social, municipal and political affairs," he writes, "and it seems fitting, even as a matter of sentiment only, that we should put off our harness together and at the same time."

Mr. Collings has had a long and notable career. For thirty-three years he has sat in the House of Commons, twenty-seven of which have been spent as a member for Bordesley.

Mr. Collings will be inseparably associated in the minds and memories of most politicians with the phrase, "Three acres and a cow."

It was his amendment to the Address in favour of small holdings which threw out the first Salisbury Administration in 1886.

Mr. Collings has himself told of how he went to Birmingham sixty-two years ago with £5 in his pocket and obtained work at £50 a year, paid quarterly.

The difficulty was to get over the first quarter, and during that time his weekly expenditure was only 1s. 2d.

Mr. Collings is over eighty-two years old. Of recent years his appearances in the House of Commons have been rare. (Photograph on page 11.)

REIGN OF GRASS HATS.

Fascinating Spring and Summer Shapes to Suit Every Woman's Face.

Pandora hats made of grass, grass hats from the Philippines, straw hats from Luton, and French hats from Paris are lying in thousands in a large London warehouse ready for the spring and summer.

Women will have their spring hats earlier than ever this year. The *Daily Mirror* was told by a representative of the firm, and some of the West End shops are anxious to make a display at once. When the spring girl goes to choose her spring hat she will be delighted, for all the little shapes are dainty and suitable for all kinds of faces.

The characteristics of spring hats are—
They are small, soft and flexible.
There are many tan crowned hats, and these tams must be draped into the brim.
Scarcely any chip or hard straws are to be seen, and there are few black hats.

The newest colours for spring hats are:—
Morocco, tobacco.
Gazelle, lead.
Chartreuse, cucumber. | Bishop's purple.

Very little trimming is required for the hats, and really good shapes will be obtainable for only a few shillings.
All-white hats will be the summer favourites, and many shady "coon"-shaped hats are made of grass bleached white.

The white hats are very fascinating and very simple in design, and need practically a minimum of trimming.

The day of the heavy hat is over—all the hats for both summer and winter are as light as paper.

MAN WITH NO NAME.

Loss of Memory Attributed to Shock in Senghenydd Pit Disaster.

There is in Manchester a man who, at the age of thirty, has, in a sense, been reborn.

At any rate, he has just begun life, as it were, all over again.

Of his existence up to some three months ago he has no recollection. He knows not his name, what has happened to him during the long period from infancy up to the time he lost his memory, where he has lived, where worked, or whether he is married or single.

A few days after the Senghenydd pit disaster he was found wandering in Manchester, dazed and bruised, and with coal-dust on his clothes.

Various circumstances led to the surmise that he was one of the survivors of the disaster, and his loss of memory was attributed to the shock of what happened in the pit. He himself is inclined to take this view, especially as he recalls what at the outset he described as a dream of being in a pit and seeing men burned to death.

The circumstance that there has been no inquiry about him from Senghenydd may be explained by the fact that he is a practice among some miners to work only a few weeks at one pit, and then go on to another.

He has now, after a period in hospital, been found employment in a pit near Manchester, and it is plain that he has been accustomed to the work.

A curious feature of the case is that the man can give recitations and sing songs which he must have learned years ago. (Photograph on page 10.)



JANUARY—FEBRUARY—MARCH

Let SCOTT'S protect your children from winter illnesses—make them well and keep them well during the three danger months of the year.

You cannot help but realize that the first three months of the year—with their changing temperatures, bitter winds, cold showers and hail or snow—are more than enough to try the constitution of the strongest child.

But, what about the child who is not quite so robust, or who has been weakened by previous illness, by overgrowth, teething troubles or other trial of childhood days?

What about the growing girls and boys who have to bear the double burden of growing and learning?

Are they strong enough to resist coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough and lung troubles? Will they be able to resist infection or fight against measles and the fevers which are epidemic throughout this trying period?

Statistics prove that many are not; and that winter illnesses take a heavy toll from children whose parents have overlooked the obvious danger.

Avoid the risk. Give your children—from the youngest to the eldest—a course of SCOTT'S Emulsion now. It will make them healthier, stronger and better in every way. It will protect them against winter illness, at the same time that it lays the foundation of vigorous health and a sound constitution.

If you decide to try SCOTT'S—this is important—decide also to accept none but genuine

North, South, East, West, to whichever part of the world you may go—there you will see the SCOTT fishman, the trade mark which serves to distinguish genuine SCOTT'S from all imitations. It is important to remember that, if the package you buy does not bear this trade mark it is not genuine SCOTT'S Emulsion.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

1874 Famous for forty years as the purest and best of all preparations of cod liver oil. 1914



THE YOUNG BABE
needs SCOTT'S because it provides the necessary fat and lime elements.



THE TEETHING CHILD
knows little of teething troubles if nourished and strengthened by SCOTT'S.



HAPPY AND BRIGHT
is the youngster who has grown sturdy and strong on SCOTT'S.



SCHOOL DAYS
call for a sound mind in a sound body. Give the children SCOTT'S.



GROWING YOUTHS
have to face winter weather and often have weak lungs. They need SCOTT'S.



WHEN FOOD FAILS
to nourish, SCOTT'S provides extra nourishment for muscles, bones and brain.

NEW SERIAL What Every Woman Forgets BEGINS TO-DAY

By HENRY FARMER,

Author of "Stella," "The Way of Women," etc.

CHAPTER I.

AS Fritz Kavanagh came along the deck and saw Suzanne Cloan for the first time she was lying back in a long chair, her white-shod feet crossed and peeping out attractively. The deck beyond the awning was sun-lit fiercely, but she, in the shadow, a supple and beautifully modelled figure in white, looked cool. As she turned a page of the book she was reading her wedding ring flashed.

Kavanagh, who had travelled overland and joined the Moolana at Marseilles, wondered who her husband was and whether he happened to be on board. But there was nothing ulterior in his speculation, inspired by the glint of a wedding ring.

As he drew level Mrs. Cloan raised her gracefully-poised head, looked at him for a moment with her dark, long-lashed, rather pensive eyes, their expression politely curious at sight of a passenger new to her, and then continued her reading.

The brim of her Panama straw shaded her features again, but Kavanagh retained a delightful impression of a profile and somewhat passionately flamed face, a warm-red, controlled mouth, brown distinctly and curvily pencilled, lustrous eyes and dark hair in abundance.

Her book-mark had fallen to the deck. Kavanagh picked it up. She thanked him for the smile that dispensed her previous pensive expression and lit up her face with animation.

And then Kavanagh remarked on the weather. The subject has before now served to break the ice of a first introduction. In this instance it was excusable. The sun-burnished sky was cloudless; the Mediterranean—intensely blue—smooth as glass.

Kavanagh remarked that he had left his autumnal fog and drizzle behind in the Red Sea. The formalities surrounding an introduction on shore are dispensed with aboard ship. Much else is different. A week at sea may equal a month on land. Also, a voyage may be fraught with dangers not specifically included in the prayer for those in peril at sea.

There was an empty chair beside Mrs. Cloan's. Kavanagh seemed almost unconscious of the fact that he was sitting down as he remarked on the likelihood of blistering heat in the Red Sea.

Mrs. Cloan closed her book in a manner implying that she was agreeable to conversation, and as she did so Kavanagh caught sight of the title: "Wild Oats for Women."

It gave him a mild shock; but, glancing from the title to Mrs. Cloan's face, he told himself that a woman did not necessarily endorse the ethics of the book she happened to be reading. And so, almost unconsciously, he paid his first tribute to Mrs. Cloan's femininity.

He was a little out when he reckoned her age about twenty-three. She was two years older. He had been instantly attracted, but he was not the kind of noxious man who marked down a woman as a sportsman does game, and is the more stimulated if she happens to be married.

Fritz Kavanagh was good to look at by reason of a full, clean-lined figure and a clean-shaven face that was attractive because of its "pleasantness," rather than any striking handsomeness of feature. At twenty-five he was a man of the world in many respects, but not in the least blasé. Beneath a well-bred manner lay a susceptible, impetuous and rather romantically inclined disposition. He was still charged with the freshness of youth, and had not flung ideals overboard as so many hampering illusions.

But at the same time, with the freshness and keenness of youth, he generally an attendant inflammability of a low-flash kind, rather dangerously liable to ignition. A glance from a woman's eyes may prove spark enough.

There is no doubt about it for a young man with means. After leaving Oxford and having been called to the Bar, Kavanagh was about to widen his outlook with a year or so of travel. He was intended for a political career. His stepfather, the Very Reverend Stephen Lombard, the

popular, urbane and silver-voiced Dean of Larchester, who maintained the dignity of the Church if he did nothing much for Christianity, was a man of influence in high places, and anticipated obtaining Fritz a secretaryship to some political big-wig.

Kavanagh was on excellent and affectionate terms with his stepfather, once assessed as a delightful worldling in apron and gaiters. As a young man, the dean, who distinguished himself as an amateur actor at Oxford, was said to have tossed up between the Church and the stage—and Mrs. Cloan, however, was not in the least chilled for him. Of course, there were people who said that the stage's loss was greater than the Church's gain. That was inevitable.

Kavanagh sometimes found his mother a strain, however, and the atmosphere of Larchester narrow and oppressively snobbish.

Kavanagh possessed a sensitive intuition. During the conversation that followed with Mrs. Cloan he was conscious of a pensiveness in her manner that seemed to require explanation; he felt, intuitively, that unhappiness lay behind it. And when a man suspects a married woman of unhappiness, not accounted for by mourning, he looks either to her husband or some other man for the cause.

Mrs. Cloan, however, was not in the least chilling or reserved. On the contrary, Kavanagh felt instantly at ease with her, and that she was so with him. It was that very pleasant form of consciousness that argues temperance and tact.

"That's rather a curious title," said Kavanagh, smiling at the volume Mrs. Cloan nursed, "Wild Oats for Women" lettered on it.

"And a curious book," she answered, in a low-toned voice that fell very harmoniously upon his ear. "Very clever, bitter and sparkling with epigrams."

Her dark eyes lit up with vivacious amusement. "Epigrams," she added, "at the expense of your sex."

"But don't you think," replied Kavanagh, "that the average epigram represents concentrated brilliancy rather than crystallized truth?"

"I don't," she agreed. "Many of them—when you look into them—are cheap paste, or false-hoods wrapped up in tinfoil. These pages are strewn with them. But they sparkle so brilliantly and the book's so cleverly written that one sometimes forgets to be cynical. Which is all wrong, of course. And, from a lower standpoint, she quite ignores the difference of consequences."

"For a moment Mrs. Cloan looked seawards, pensively. "And I take it," said Kavanagh, "that the author believes in votes, as well as oats, for women?"

"Very much so," laughed Mrs. Cloan, flinging off pensiveness and her white teeth gleaming. "Militantly so. You may have heard of her. She is a connection of mine—Caroline Cloan."

Kavanagh had not heard of Caroline Cloan, but the rather unusual name was familiar. "Is she related to 'Rajah' Cloan?" he asked.

"That is my husband," answered Mrs. Cloan. "She is my sister-in-law."

This was enlightenment. Kavanagh had heard much about Michael Cloan, a very big man in the East, who had begun life as a boy in the cook's galley of a trading schooner adventuring in southern seas, and at forty or thereabouts was become a colossal trader, an unofficial rajah, with tea, rubber and rubber plantations, great estates and concessions in Ceylon, the Malay Peninsula, an island in the mysterious Indian Archipelago and ruler over armies of native labour.

"Michael Cloan on board?" he asked. The romance of the man's life, as well as the type of man he imagined him to be, appealed to him. "I should very much like to meet him."

"Michael Cloan had no official claim to the title of rajah. It was a sobriquet. Americans called him 'Boss' Cloan."

"No," answered Mrs. Cloan, gazing seawards again. "But I hope to introduce you. He is meeting me at Colombo."

"And when I introduce you," she added charmingly, "what name shall I say?"

"I'm just travelling," he explained simply, "for a year or so—before settling down."

"That's doubtful, vague thing—a political career," it was Kavanagh's turn to look at her.

"I'm returning to Ceylon," she said, "after twelve months at home. I have left my mother and behind. She is not strong, and could not stand the Indian climate. She is French, but looks on England as her home now. She is a beautiful old lady," added Mrs. Cloan simply, "with white hair—and the manners of forty years ago."

She looked seawards again, and then opened her book rather quickly, like a woman seeking change of thought.

"That," she said, handing the book to Kavanagh, "is Miss Cloan."

The photographic frontispiece was autographed "Caroline Cloan." Otherwise her sex might not have been easily determined. She wore a man's collar and tie. Her features were worn and angular. Her rather vicious mouth was thinly compressed, and the chin fell away slightly. Her hair was parted to one side like a man's. In the eyes there was a suggestion of unsatisfied hunger. The charms and attributes of sex were lacking, or had been purposely suppressed and disguised lest they should be regarded as indicating weakness. Yet there was a touch of tragedy about the plain face—the tragedy of femininity withered and sexless—she, well, Miss Cloan was the man he pictured, they should be regarded as indicating weakness.

Kavanagh glanced from the photograph that revealed him to the attractive picture of beautiful womanhood beside him. A contrast was inevitable.

He wondered how Mrs. Cloan got on with her sister-in-law, and then it occurred to him that Cloan must be considerably older than his wife. But if 'Rajah' Cloan was the man he pictured, he could understand him winning a woman's heart as well as a man's admiration.

"Does Miss Cloan practise what she preaches?" he asked.

"Good gracious, no!" laughed Mrs. Cloan, her teeth gleaming white between her warm-red lips. "But that is characteristic of her inconsistency. She slaps a policeman's face—and the next moment is only too thankful for his protection. She takes lightly and the tyrant, compelled them to waste their servile lives on crochet-work and babies."

"You agree with Byron?" asked Kavanagh.

"Granted a woman really in love at some time or other, she is right. She insists that love is not woman's whole existence, that the very phrase was coined by a man in the dark, early nineteenth century days of female oppression, when the only made open to despairing women was marriage. The tyrant, compelled them to waste their servile lives on crochet-work and babies."

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"In both respects? That love is a thing apart, in itself, and in itself a safety in numbers."

"In nine cases out of ten," replied Mrs. Cloan, smiling a friendly greeting at the pretty girl who was coming towards them.

Kavanagh surrendered his chair, and was introduced to Mrs. Cloan, who was who was chaperoning her to Colombo.

The girl looked about twenty. Her sunny hair was of the turrel kind. Her nose was not classic, but her mouth, her eyes, her face, her figure, her reticence. She had dark blue eyes, which had a habit of twinkling mischievously. There was intelligence in her face, and when she laughed joy of life woke in her eyes and danced and a dimple formed in her chin.

Kavanagh was surprised, for her appearance somehow did not suggest it, when she told him that she was going to Ceylon to take up a secretaryship to a firm of export merchants, and admitted a

knowledge of three languages besides her own. The firm, she also told him, had been decent enough to give her a first-class passage out.

"And Mrs. Cloan," she added, her eyes twinkling, "is chaperoning me."

Kavanagh was not quite certain whether this was not just as well.

After that he found another chair. And the morning passed most pleasantly.

CHAPTER II.

THREE weeks at sea may equal as many months on land. Chronology has a way of going to pieces on a voyage, and even morals may be strangely affected.

Life on board the Moolana was gay. There were sports, concerts, dances, progressive whist, a cricket match and much flirtation. Indeed, more serious business than flirtation. Before Colombo was reached Miss Maldon had refused two offers of marriage.

She made Kavanagh laugh one day by telling him that when she was christened Patricia it was hoped that she would look like a Patricia when she grew up.

"But I didn't," she added. "In fact, I've fallen so far short of the name that all my friends cut off the dignified tail and call me 'Pat,' or worse still, 'Patsy.'"

When a man and woman discuss general subjects they may believe themselves to be philosophising impersonally, but they are revealing their natures all the time. In a fortnight Suzanne Cloan and Kavanagh revealed far more of each other's natures than they realised themselves.

There had been no philandering. Kavanagh had a creditable code of honour, but what was more to the point—for it is common to nine cases out of ten who makes the opportunity—Mrs. Cloan had never given the slightest sign that she was growing to regard him in a sentimental light. Yet how subtly and disturbingly can a woman do so if she knows—she flickers of it, a high suppressed tendresse in a veiled glance, a little pressure of the finger-tips. On the other hand, a woman may be caught off her guard and betray herself to her own anger and confusion.

Mrs. Cloan was far more fascinating because she did not attempt to fascinate. She had a great sense of humour, but never lapsed into rapid frivolity. She was a woman of moods, of light and shade, sometimes brilliant with life, at another pensive and obsessed; sometimes a little cynical, but neither cheaply nor unpleasantly so.

She possessed an impassioned nature and high ideals. Kavanagh realised this. She fascinated him, but commanded his respect. Lately he had become restlessly aware of her power to quicken his pulses; but he was sure of himself—so he believed—and he prized her good opinion.

He believed unhappiness to be the key to certain moods of hers, and to an expression he sometimes caught on her face. She did not often speak of her husband, but when she did she did so naturally, yet without giving Kavanagh any impression what 'Rajah' Cloan was like. This in itself seemed strange to him. Sometimes she gave him descriptions of life in the East, but she never gave him any clue to the nature of her own life and in what grooves it had run.

And then there came a night, a cool, romantic night.

A subaltern, with an incipient moustache and a rather dour Scotch civil engineer were engaging Miss Maldon's attentions.

"There's safety in numbers," said Mrs. Cloan to Kavanagh as they strolled to the stern.

Here they both came under the spell of the white, slushing, spuming wake, and watched it silently—the safety of numbers conspicuously absent.

Stars were out, and a saffron moon; the sea was phosphorescent, and astern a white track seemed to lead to infinity.

Kavanagh became restlessly conscious of throbbing pulses as he glanced at the woman beside him, her beautiful face in profile, a gossamer twist twisted about her shapely head and white throat.

(Continued on page 13.)

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

DELPHI. Strand.—To-night, at 8.15. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Musical Production in 2 Acts, **THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE.** Mat. and Sat. 2.15. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 2645 and 8898.

AMBAFFADOR'S. TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. **TOLSTOY'S GREAT RUSSIAN DRAMA.** ANNA KARENINA. Mat. and Sat. 2.15. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

APOLLO. At 8.45. **CHARLES HAWTREY** IN NEVER SAY DIE, by W. H. Post. At 8.8. **The Wife Tamer.** Mat. and Sat. 2.15. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

COMEDY THEATRE. The "Daily Telegraph" says: "We do not remember performance praiseworthy or more graceful." **ALICE WONDERLAND.** To-day and Daily, at 2.30.

COMEDY. Mr. Tom B. Davis presents **PRINCE OF THE SUN.** by CYRIL HARCOBERT. At 8.30. **THE THIRTEENTH.**

CRITERION. "Phone, Reg. 3844. Reg. 3365. To-night, at 8.15. **THE DEPARTED.** 2.30. Preceded at 8.30 by "The Day Departed." 20th Performance to-day.

DAILY THEATRE. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Musical Production in 2 Acts, **THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE.** Mat. and Sat. 2.15. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 2645 and 8898.

DRURY LANE. Twice Daily, at 1.30 and 7.30. **THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.** by W. H. Post. At 8.8. **THE Wife Tamer.** Mat. and Sat. 2.15. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

HAYMARKET. WITHIN THE LAW. To-day, 3.0. Produced by Sir Herbert Tree. 2.30. 3.0. Mat. and Sat. 2.15. Mat. and Sat. 2.15. Extra Matinee To-day (Tuesday), at 2.30.

DUKE OF YORK'S. To-day, at 2. Every Afternoon, Charles Frohman presents **PETER PAN.** and Every Evening, at 8.30. **QUALITY STREET.**

GARRICK. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. Louis Meyer presents **WHO'S THE LADY?** a new three-act farce from the French. Box-office, 10 to 10. Reg. 9513.

GARRICK. MATINEES ONLY. **WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.** (3rd Year). TO-DAY AND DAILY, at 2.15. LAST 2 WEEKS.

HIS MAJESTY'S. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15. **THE DARLING OF THE CLARE.** by Zakari, HERBERT TREE. Yvonne, Marie LOHR. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.15.

KINEMA. THE GREAT ADVENTURE, by Arnold Bennett. 8.20. Mat. Weds. Sat. 2.30.

LITTLE THEATRE. John St. Strand.—To-night, at 9. **KENNEL FOSS** presents "MAGIC." by The Night. Mat. Wed. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30. Tel. 4927.

LYCEUM PANTOMIME. **BABES IN THE WOOD.** Twice Daily, at 2 and 7.30. Strongest Pantomime in London. Prices 5s. to 6d. Children at Matinee, 4s. to 6d. 7017-8.

LYRIC. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15. **THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T.** At 8.15. Mat. Weds. Sat. 2.15.

NEW-DAILY. At 2.30. Every Wednesday, Day and Saturday Evenings, at 8. **THE SHEPHERDS WITHOUT A HEART.**

PLAYHOUSE. 8.30. Mat. Weds. Sat. 2.30. **THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.** by W. H. Post. At 8.8. **THE Wife Tamer.** Mat. and Sat. 2.15. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

PRINCES. Every Evening, at 8. Matinee, Every Wed. and Sat. at 2.30. **THE DEPARTED.** Prices, 6d. to 9s. Box-office, 10-10. 5983 Reg.

QUEEN'S. At 8.15. **THE FORTUNE HUNTER.** Matinee, Weds. and Sat. at 2.30.

ROYALTY.—THE PURSUIT OF PAMELA. TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. TO-NIGHT, at 8.40. **THE ATTACK.** from the French of Henri Bernstein, by George Euston. GEORGE ALEXANDER and MARTHA HEDMAN. Mat. Weds. and Sat. at 2.30.

SAVOY. TO-NIGHT, at 8. **THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.** **THE DEATH OF TINTAGILES** and **THE SILVER BELL.** By the Gods. J. A. N. and L. E. MARIAGE. Force, Wed. Evg. 8.

SHAPESBURY. **THE PEARL GIRD.** **THE COURTSHIP OF COURTNEY'S COURTSHIP.** TO-NIGHT, at 8. MATS. WEDS. SATS. at 2.

STRAND. To-night, at 9. Louis Meyer presents **MR. WU,** a New Anglo-Chinese Play. MATHISON and JILLIAN BRADY. MATS. WEDS. SATS. at 2.15.

VAUDEVILLE. TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. **MARY GIRL** by Hor. Merrick. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S. To-night, at 8. **DIPLOMACY.** by Victor Sardou. MATS. WEDS. SATS. at 2.

ALHAMBRA. TO-NIGHT, at 8. **KEEP SMILING.** Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 2.15. Reduced prices.

HYPODROME. Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 7.30. **THE RAY OF LIGHT.** by Sir John Kellie, Harry Tate, Gerald Kirk, Teddie Gerrard, Julia James, etc. etc. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 650 Reg.

PALACE. TO-NIGHT, at 8. **THE BARRIE MON.** JOE JACKSON, THE HARLEQUINADES. (Mat. and Sat. 2.15.)

PALACE. TO-NIGHT, at 8. **THE BARRIE MON.** JOE JACKSON, THE HARLEQUINADES. (Mat. and Sat. 2.15.)

PALLADIUM. 6.20 and 9.10. **THE SUCCESSORS.** I DO LIKE YOUR EYES. **POLSKIS.** 2 HOLLANDERS. LORIAN WATSON. **NAN STUART** and **BEAUTY CHORUS** of 50. **LITTLE TICH** etc.

MINSTRELS. DAILY at 2.30. **PALLADIUM.** Children Half-price to Fancifuls and Grand Circle.

CRYSTAL PALACE. Great Asphalt Skating Rink. 2.30 and 7.45. Admission, 1s. (1500 Free Seats to Circus). **RESERVED SEATS FOR CIRCUS** (Free Seats to Circus). **WONDER ZOO.** (Can not be booked at the usual Libraries and at Olympia. Tel. Ham. 1597 and Ham. 1540).

MASKELINE & DEVAULT'S MYSTERIES. Reg. George's Hall, Oxford-circus. W. Daily at 3 and 8. **"BIF." (The Motor-Cycle Mystery.)** (The YOGI'S STIFF). etc. Seats, 1s. to 5s. Mayfair, 1545.

QUEEN'S HALL. Langham-place, W.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. The £20,000 Film. Showing, Rehearsal, London.

THE GREATEST OF ALL PRODUCTIONS Showing, Rehearsal, London. TO-NIGHT, at 2.30. Price, 10d. up to 5s. (Circus) will be present at all performances.

CARL HAGENBECK'S WONDER ZOO and **BIG CIRCUS.** 11.00 to 11.00. **CIRCUITS.** 2.30 and 7.45. **ADMISSION:** 1s. (1500 Free Seats to Circus). **RESERVED SEATS FOR CIRCUS** (Free Seats to Circus). **WONDER ZOO.** (Can not be booked at the usual Libraries and at Olympia. Tel. Ham. 1597 and Ham. 1540).

WITH CAPTAIN SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC. The £10,000 Film. Showing, Rehearsal, London. TO-NIGHT, at 2.30. Price, 10d. up to 5s. (Circus) will be present at all performances.

HALL. Great Portland-st. W. **Twice Daily, 3 and 9.15.** From Sat., Jan. 24th. **Thrilling Story.** Unique Moving Pictures. 1s. to 5s. 5005 Mayfair.

WHITELEY'S Winter Sale

Special Bargains This Week

All Drapery Purchases sent Carriage Paid to any address in the United Kingdom.

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Many oddments in French and other smart straight-fronted Corsets, but sizes 18 and 19 in. only. Originally marked at 15/9 and 21/9. To clear, pair **5/-**

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Wonderful lot of Ladies' smart fancy Delaine Dressing Gowns, with short sleeves, trimmed with printed border. Reduced from 15/9 to **7/11**

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For Ladies' smart Spring Coats and Skirts, newest coloured Grounds, with Black stripe effects. 52 in. wide. Usually 2/11. Now, per yard **1/6 1/2**

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Fashionable shadow and Shelland effect Silk Veils, in White, Prunelle, Royal Blue, and Mole. 1 1/2 yards long. Reduced from 2/11 1/2 to **1/0 1/2**

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Only twelve dozen Ladies' untrimmed Black Velvet Hats, all the most fashionable shapes for present wear. Never until now offered below 12/11. This week **4/11**

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Reproductions of French Brocades in charming colours of Blue, Green or Mauve; 31 in. wide. Usually 11 1/2 d. yard. To be cleared at **4 3/4 d.**

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3-ply Vener Wood, covered with Brown Painted Canvas, fitted with Hoops, deep Tray in lid, and Slide-nozzle Locks. This Week's Bargain Prices:

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QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON, W.

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HAIR FALLING STOPPED.

SENSATIONAL EXPERIMENTS IN SCIENTIFIC HAIR-CULTURE.

A GIFT TO EVERY READER FOR GROWING A HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR.

The renewed researches of Mr. Edwards into the causes of Baldness and Hair Poverty have enabled him to make the sensational announcement that

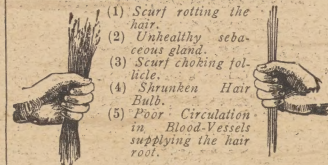
"ALL HAIR-FALLING CAN BE STOPPED"

in a short time when the toilet methods he suggests are followed for just two minutes daily

"80-A-DAY HAIR-FALL."

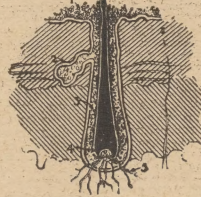
As the result of a large number of tests and careful experiments, Mr. Edwards has discovered that in the case where Hair Culture is not regularly practised, the hair falls out at the astonishingly rapid rate of from 60 to 80 hairs every 24 hours. To many this statement will appear amazing. But it must be remembered that a large proportion of this fall is not noticed at the time, that the hairs fall out not only when brushed, or combed, but singly throughout the day, and that

FIVE CAUSES OF HAIR POVERTY.



In the case of men and women who do not practise daily "Hair-Drill," the average fall is from 40, and, in advanced cases, 50, hairs daily. This shows that the hair needs immediate attention if baldness is to be avoided.

After a few weeks' "Harlene Hair-Drill," the daily fall of hair is only from 5 to 7—the normal number—and new hairs are growing to replace those falling out. This is a startling proof of the value of "Hair-Drill."



All these five causes of Hair Trouble are removed by daily "Harlene Hair Drill."

the average individual is far too busy and interested in other matters to mark them. This is not until you find your hair becoming thin and scanty, and Baldness threatening, that you realise that your hair must have been falling out for a long while past.

THE CAUSES OF FALLING HAIR.

Mr. Edwards has discovered that the causes of this daily hair-fall are many in number. Sometimes the hair is so greasy that its structure rots in places just as a piece of wood does when left in the damp. Sometimes the hair is so dry and brittle that it breaks off at the least tug or strain. Sometimes, by forming on the scalp, it chokes up the tiny pits or follicles in which the hair grows. Sometimes, also, hair-fall is due to malnutrition of the hair and sluggishness of the hair-roots or papillae.

Sometimes it is the result of a faulty circulation in the minute blood vessels of the scalp; or even may be due to complications.

Of course, the hair only falls out at the rate of 80 per day in advanced cases, but there are very few people not practising daily "Hair-Drill" whose hair does not fall out at the rate of at least 30 every day.

WONDERFUL RESULTS OF "HAIR-DRILL."

Now, Mr. Edwards has discovered that all causes of Baldness and Falling Hair are entirely removed when "Harlene Hair-Drill" is practised.

Two minutes' "Hair-Drill" every day cleanses the scalp of all scurf and dandruff; regulates the

action of the lubricating glands of the hair; prevents the hair from becoming too greasy or too dry and brittle; nourishes and tones up the hair from root to tip; stimulates the hair-papillae and growing structures to healthy activity; and brings about a brisk circulation of the blood in the tiny blood vessels of the scalp, which strengthens and nourishes every tissue and structure upon which the growth of the hair depends.

GROWTH-STIMULATING ACTION.

The immediate result of practising this wonderful toilet method (which every reader can now follow free of cost) is that the daily fall of hair is reduced from 80 to 10, or even only 5. This is the normal fall of healthy hair in order to make room for the new hair that is continually springing up as the result of the growth-stimulating action of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

AN INTERESTING TEST.

Another beneficial effect of "Hair-Drill" can be shown in this way.

Take a lock of hair in your fingers and twist it rather tightly (as in the illustration) so that the ends stand out. You will now see that a large number of the hairs are split at the ends and broken. This shows they are too dry and brittle and that presently they will break off and fall out. Practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" 2 minutes daily for a week, and then look at your hair. Already you will find the percentage of split and broken hairs greatly decreased, and, on continuing this marvellous method of Hair Culture, they will be reduced to a minimum.

Further results of daily Hair-Drill are as follows:—

Scurf, dandruff and irritation of the scalp disappear.

All signs of baldness vanish. New hair springs up luxuriantly over the thin places.

The hair becomes thick, glossy and full of life and lustre.

Your appearance is greatly improved and you look from 10 to 15 years younger.

THIS VALUABLE TOILET OUTFIT FREE.

Just use the coupon below, with 3d. stamps, and by return you will receive, free of cost, the complete "Hair-Drill" Outfit, including:—

(1) A trial bottle of "Harlene for the Hair."—Harlene is a delightful perfume from grease, it possesses an exquisite floral fragrance. It makes the hair soft and glossy, lustrous and luxuriant, and stimulates and strengthens its growth.

(2) A trial packet of "Cremex" for the Scalp.—A dainty shampoo powder which lathers easily, dissolves and removes scurf and dandruff, and keeps the scalp cool, clean and comfortable, preparing it for "Hair-Drill."

(3) The Manual of "Hair-Drill," containing the famous secret rules for banishing baldness and growing a perfect head of hair, free from all weakness, defect or hair trouble.

Write for the above to-day and prove for yourself, free of cost, the wondrous hair-growing and



Take a strand of hair in your fingers and twist it rather tightly so that the ends stand apart. Should a number of these ends be split this is a sign that the hair needs immediate attention. Send for the Free "Hair-Drill" outfit offered you to-day. Practise "Hair-Drill" for a few days. Then repeat the experiment and you will find that the appearance of your hair is greatly improved and that there is no splitting.

beautifying powers of "Harlene Hair-Drill." You can obtain further supplies of Harlene from your chemists or stores in 1s., 2s., 6d. and 4s. 6d. bottles, and "Cremex" in 1s. boxes of seven shampoos, or single packets 2d. Also direct and post free from Edwards' Harlene Co. on remittance. Foreign postage extra. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed.

PLEASE DETACH HERE.

To EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
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Please send me the free outfit for practising "Harlene Hair-Drill." I enclose 3d. in stamps to pay postage to any part of the world. Foreign stamps accepted.

Name

Address

"Daily Mirror," Jan. 20, 1914.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1914.

UP AND DOWN.

IN those curious places called commercial colleges, where ardent and matter-of-fact youth is prepared for the life of business, we believe that a good deal of attention is given to what they name the *technique* of getting-on, with its alleged habits of accuracy, punctuality, economy and method in all things—habits, qualities which you so rarely find in any business man.

We do not think, however, that these colleges and institutes pay sufficient attention to the essential for success in a commercial career—to psychology, in the popular sense; to judgment of character; to the art of managing, and, mainly, of suppressing other people. This ought to be attended to, for the sake of the ardent youth; and we have no doubt that, after reading this, commercial colleges will add Business Psychology to their programmes.

But (you will object) judgment of character cannot be acquired; a knowledge of human nature cannot be learnt. These are gifts, belonging to genius, and it is by such genius and such gifts that the clerk rises to be manager, and then to be partner, and then grows rich, and then—well, yes, then collapses and dies like other people.

But, if you make that objection, you are certainly a pessimist and do not share in our modern faith in education. You fail to see that success can be imitated. It is the duty of commercial colleges to insist that their students, then, should imitate the manager. And this could easily be done.

For what, simply, is the main duty and purpose of the manager? What is he paid for?

Surely he is paid to prevent anyone else from being paid. Surely he exists to see that nobody makes money but the managers. His duty is to keep people down.

Now for this, true, you need some knowledge of human nature, but a crude, a summary knowledge of it. To get the best work for the firm out of people, you merely want to know whom to depress and whom to cheer. That is all.

Those must be depressed who arrive buoyant in the morning, self-assertive and ready to "make good." The good manager will at once dishearten these. He must tell them of the dangers that threaten the business. He must remind them of the numbers of the unemployed. He must recall to their minds select cases of those who wanted more money and were killed by motor-omnibuses for wanting it. He must remind them of the shortness of human life and of the needs of the Navy. In five minutes he will have taken the stuffing out of them. No longer will they want more money. They will thank Heaven that they still have any money at all.

Then the good manager will turn his attention to the depressed.

These will want cheering. If not cheered, they may commit suicide, or go mad and shoot the manager. He must tell them how well the business is doing. He must pat them on their bent and narrow backs. That will be enough. A word now and then! It is all they dare require.

The genius of a manager consists in the discernment and differentiation of these two classes—the exalted, who must be brought low; the depressed, who must be cheered. For this discernment you want judgment of character, which can, however, be learnt. We repeat: Let imitative psychology be added to the programme.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

BARE-LEGGED CHILDREN.

IN your issue of to-day's date you have raised a question of some interest, both from a physical and æsthetic point of view. With due respect to the "well-known doctor" whom you quote, I am of opinion that, as a general rule, bare legs for children are good for them in every way, and allow that freedom of limb which a growing girl or boy naturally demands.

The difference in walk between a stockinged and a socked child is most observable, and nothing is so delightful as to watch one of the latter dancing along in the abandon which a short frock or tunic invariably gives to a girl or boy.

I know a woman with five children, varying in age from three years to fourteen, and all are bare-legged and as vigorous as it is possible for them to be, and the admiration of all their friends. Any one who has been abroad must have been struck on their return with the unchildlike appearance of

HOW MUCH TO GIVE.

IT all depends! My husband is a doctor with an income of £400 per annum. My allowance is £2 per month, which includes expenses of dress, travelling, presents, etc.

In addition, I receive 10s. per month for clothing two children, aged respectively two and four years. With household expenditure proportionately low, my husband saves nearly half his income.

A PARASITE.

IS IT HEATHEN?

YOUR correspondent, A. Liddle, evidently has a very mistaken idea of the power of prayer. He says, "Does not every passenger know that if the aviator's skill fails, collapse is certain?"

This may be so, but when one prays that one may be kept safe, whether travelling by air, land or sea, one surely does not necessarily mean that God will keep one from accident or even death.

IF MEN ATTENDED TO THEIR TOILET AS WOMEN DO . . .



The woman of to-day has no false shame with regard to what used to be considered the most intimate secrets of the toilet table, and she openly attends to her face at any time and in any place. If men imitated her they would (for example) produce pocket shaving sets and begin operating on their chins at the dinner table or elsewhere.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

some of our English kiddies when compared with those of Paris, Berlin, Vienna and New York, and it has yet to be proved that the girls and boys of Continental cities are "weakly" or "pale".
January 17, 1914. PATER.

REALS OR IDEALS?

ONLY a few days ago I found myself in the midst of a heated discussion upon the subject of "Realism and Idealism." Therefore my greatest interest was aroused by "W. M.'s" article this morning.

The argument seems to be based upon the three questions:—

1. Is it possible to over-educate the reason?
2. Is the scientific education detrimental to the ideal?
3. Of the two, which should receive the more encouragement—reason or imagination?

The world is so hard a master in the teaching of the material that it seems left to education to supply the necessary means of encouragement to the imagination and to inspire the love of the ideal.

Scientific training in the material ways of the world, if carried to excess, would, without doubt, bring the funeral note for the spirit of idealism.

L. A. W.

Our prayer for safety should mean that God will keep us safe from accident or death, should it be His will, or should He call us that day to die, then that He will keep our souls in safety when they pass from our bodies.

This latter surely would be as true an answer to our prayer for safety as the former. A. P.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

We cannot kindle when we will

The fire that in the heart resides.

The spirit bloweth and is still,

In mystery our soul abides:

But tasks in hours of insight will

Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet

We dig and heap, lay alone on stones:

We bear the burden and the cross,

Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.

Not till the hours of light return

All we have built do we discern.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is a very old and a very true saying that failure is the only high road to success.—R. L. Stevenson.

HOUSEWORK FOR MEN

Should Husbands Take Their Part in the Care of the Home?

PLEASE do not urge our husbands to "fuss" about the house. It is all we can do as it is to manage the work ourselves. It will be truly terrible when awkward men are stumbling about the house and trying to help us, while hindering us all the time.

Let men attend to their work. We women will attend to ours. HOUSEWIFE.
Ovington-square, S.W.

WHEN I married I knew very little about house-keeping. I told my fiancé this, and added that I was afraid I was too young and too ignorant to marry. I said: "Haven't we better wait until I am better fitted for marriage?" But he was very much in love with me then, and he would not hear of waiting. Accordingly we did not wait—we married, and he said that he would do all he could to help me.

After a little I got into some difficulty with the household expenses, and he said: "My dear child, didn't they teach you to add at school? You mustn't go on like this." That was the amount of help he gave me as regards money, and as regards other things it wasn't much better. I was never allowed, indeed, to mention the house or to allude to any of my difficulties. He was very cross to me when I did.

Gradually I came to see that it was—by men—supposed to be a woman's duty to oversee all the work of the house. A man's duty begins and ends with the paying of the bills and grumbling over the expense. E.
Eccleston-square, S.W.

MY husband once tried to do what some of your correspondents say men ought to do—to "take some part in the work of the house."

He said he was going to "speak himself to look about the way the food was spoilt."

Next day cook came to me and gave notice. Why? "Because I am not accustomed to be talked to like that by gentlemen." And so I was left without a cook.

After that I put my foot down and said my husband was never again to "take his part in the work of the house."

WIFE WITH A WILL.
Park-street, Bath.

I HAVE been reading the correspondence lately with great interest. I quite agree with "I. E." The only excuse for separation is cruelty and unfaithfulness.

For eight years I endured both, all the time trying hard to make things go better. Two years ago I left with my three little ones.

Only those who have lived that kind of life can realize the suffering, mental and physical, it entails. My sympathies are with the lonely women who have endured it, but to me the loneliness is preferable to the other.

One of the compensations for my own loneliness is the happiness and light-heartedness of my children now. CLOUDS WILL BREAK.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 19.—The honeysuckle is certainly one of our most delightful garden climbers; yet, strange to say, it is not a subject found everywhere. Honeysuckles are extremely easy to grow; they thrive on walls, arches, fences and old trees.

The best-known sorts are the evergreen japonicas (red and white, and white turning to yellow), the red and cream woodbines, and sempervirens (the scarlet trumpet honeysuckle).

Fragrantissima blooms during the winter and is very sweet; it should be treated as a bush and placed in a sheltered corner. E. F. T.

The seventh volume of Mr. Haselden's cartoons is now ready. It contains over a hundred of the best of those published during the past year. You may buy "Daily Mirror Reflections" for 6d. at any book-stall, or you may obtain it post free for 8d. from "The Daily Mirror," 25, Bouverie-street, E.C. "Daily Mirror Reflections" makes an ideal gift for old and young.

Feeding An Upside-Down Patient.



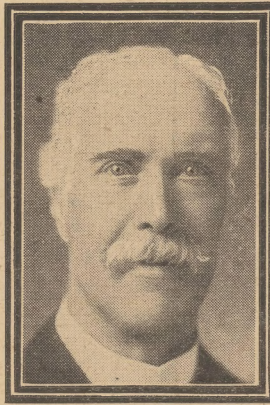
Even the animal kingdom is infected by Pegoudism, and a flying fox now under treatment at the Animals' Hospital, Hugh-street, S.W., for an injured wing spends its time upside down. It is seen taking food and being tempted with an apple.

GIRL LAWYER'S POST.



Unlike England, the United States allows women to practise at the Bar. This is Miss Margaret Gardner, who has been appointed assistant prosecuting attorney at Los Angeles, California.

43 YEARS IN INDIA.



Sir William Lee-Warner, the distinguished Indian administrator and author, who has died. He only retired from the Council of India last November.—(Swaine.)

WIZARDS OF LIGHT AND HEAT: MR



The blow-pipe making firebrick run like molten metal.

Acetylene gas is now being put to all sorts of fresh uses, and can be made to produce the hottest flame and the coolest light. The new acetylene oxygen blowpipe produces 6,300deg. of heat, and will melt firebrick in a fraction of a second, making it run like molten lead.

AN A7 HERO.



Able Seaman Frederick Jewell, who perished in the disaster to the submarine A7 off Plymouth.

ZABERN HONOUR.



Colonel von Reuter, decorated by the Kaiser. He commands the hated 99th, and was acquitted by a court-martial in connection with the Zabern affair.



Carrying 1,500 candle concentrated, and on



Acetylene for cooking ordin

MYSTERY MAN.



A man who remembers nothing of his past life up to three months ago. Was found in Manchester, and does not even know his name. Is thought to be a Senghenydd survivor.

SUMMER HOUSE MADE OF SHELLS.



Mrs. Emily S. Jones, of Porthcawl, South Wales, has started a new industry for women, and fashions all sorts of things out of shells. The pictures show her at work and a summer-house which she has built.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

WHO PLAY WITH 6,300 DEGREES.

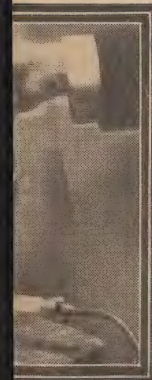


What the new torch can be made to do.

The torch, which generates the same heat, makes metal objects adhere to metal as easily as paste makes paper stick to paper. It should prove a great boon to the sub-editor of the iron age.—(Clarke and Hyde.)



The heat is concentrated a few inches.



It can be used like this.

M.P. TO RESIGN.



Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P. for Bordesley, Birmingham, who is to retire. He is the lifelong friend and parliamentary colleague of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

KNIGHT DEAD.



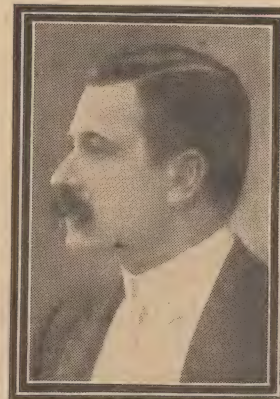
Sir John Duncan, part proprietor of the *South Wales Daily News*, who has died at Penarth.

Dances the Tango While "Dying."



Mlle. Eve Nevyl, the well-known Parisian actress, who is appearing in a dramatic episode in the French revue "Cachez Ca" at the New Middlesex. After being stabbed, she dances the tango with her assailant while in a dying condition.

LEGION OF HONOUR FOR AN ENGLISHWOMAN.



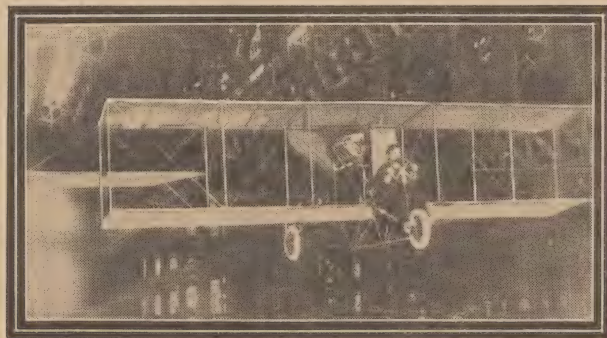
Dr. Riviere.

Dr. J. A. Riviere, a British subject resident in Paris, who is an authority on appendicitis, has been promoted Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Miss Edith Williams appointed Chevalier. She is teacher of English at Fontenay-aux-Roses.



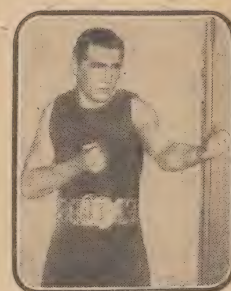
Miss Williams.

AN AIRMAN WHO FLIES INDOORS.



Mr. Lincoln Beachy, the American pilot, making a flight in the Machinery Hall, one of the buildings of the Panama Exhibition at San Francisco. "All I yearn for now is to fly underground," he said after his flight.

BLAKE'S BELT.

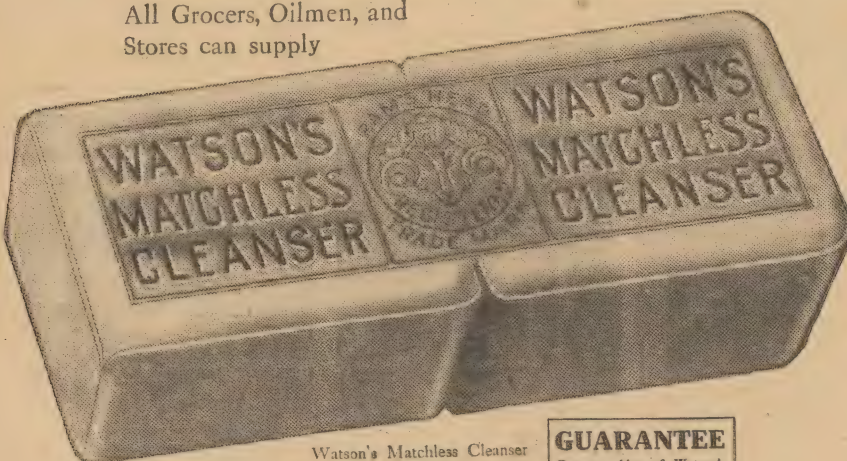


Bandsman Blake wearing Jem Mace's belt, presented to him by Dick Burge in honour of his victory over the Dixie Kid. He meets Wells on March 3.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

Refuse Substitutes for Watson's Matchless Cleanser

Watson's Matchless Cleanser is the proved best soap for all Household and Laundry purposes, and every tablet bears the trade mark—a Ram's Head. Always look for this trade mark, and refuse inferior substitutes sometimes offered for the sake of extra profit.

All Grocers, Oilmen, and Stores can supply



Watson's Matchless Cleanser has the largest sale of full-pound tablets in the world.

**SAVE THE WRAPPERS
FOR VALUABLE PRIZES**

Ask your Soap Dealer for List of Prizes, or send a postcard to:
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GUARANTEE

Buy a tablet of Watson's Matchless Cleanser; give it a fair trial in Hot, Cold, Hard, or Soft Water. If you have any cause for complaint, report details to us, and we will refund your money.

"THE HATED ACT"

It is a peculiar thing that people—careful and methodical in other ways—neglect themselves when it comes to keeping the system regular and the bowels in order. They suffer needlessly long and painful and growing morbid illnesses and trouble give sickness—although these complaints easily yield to common-sense treatment, inasmuch as they generally result from one cause, **CONSTIPATION**.

DOCTOR'S ADVICE

It is well worth following, and the late Dr. Roosa prescribed his famous **ORIENTAL PILLS** with great success for these ailments in a practice extending over 45 years. Begin your New Lease of Health today and banish Stomach, Bowel and Liver Troubles by the use of Dr. Roosa's Pills now made strictly according to his formula by Dr. Kooze Ltd., 27, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. They are sold in boxes at 1/12 and 2/6, by all Chemists and Stores, or sent, post free, by the Proprietors, on receipt of cash or cheque. Remember—Constipation is really the cause of the trouble, and Dr. Roosa's Pills, taken regularly, cure.

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THE No. 10 ROYAL is the latest development in Typewriter achievement.

We claim for it **ABSOLUTE PRE-EMINENCE** in the following essential details of the Modern Visible Writing Machine.

- 1st. **SPEED.** It is capable of faster operation than is possible on any other make.
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On the above claims we challenge comparison with any and all of our competitors.

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There is no other charge whatsoever, and if, after examining the enlargement, you consider it not a truthful copy of your photo, or if it does not give complete satisfaction, return it to us, and

WE WILL REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL.

And to any person proving this offer is not absolutely genuine, we will not only pay a crisp £10 note, but £10s. besides. These wonderful enlargements are Real Works of Art, and they are appreciated by our customers, from whom we have received thousands of testimonials expressing delight, surprise, and satisfaction.

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THE ALENDOF PHOTO CO.,

Dept. 103.

BEXLEY HEATH, KENT.

CATARRH

The accompanying illustration shows how Dr. Ross's Catarrh Remedy reaches all parts of the head, nose, throat, and lungs that become affected by catarrh.

The remedy, composed of herbs, bitters, flowers, and honey (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is inhaled in a clean pipe or made into a cigarette tube. The medicinal fumes are inhaled in a perfectly natural way.

A new day's free trial: a small pipe and also an illustrated booklet explaining catarrh will be mailed upon request. Simply write a postal card or letter to:

Dr. BLOSSER, Ltd.,

Dept. 56, 8, Boulevard Street, London, E.C.



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when **BORAX EXTRACT OF SOAP** vanquishes dirt so, magically.

**Try it next House-Cleaning.
Try it for Kitchen Ware.
Try it in the Weekly Wash,
and save yourself half the work and
all the worry.**

Samples of Borax Extract of Soap, Californian Borax and Borax Sarsaparilla sent **FREE**.
The Patent Borax Co. Ltd.,
Birmingham

**BORAX
EXTRACT OF SOAP**

WOMAN WHO MARRIES "BENEATH HER."

Why Cannot She Raise Her Husband to
Her Own Social Class?

Why cannot a woman who has "married beneath her" raise her husband to her social level just as a man can who marries a girl of an inferior social class?

The question is raised by the case, sent to *The Daily Mirror* for consideration, of a well-educated girl who was a nursery governess in England and on emigrating to a colony got one of these indefinite positions of neither servant nor teacher, but a mixture of both. Then her life, though interesting, was hard.

After a while she got to know people, but only the kind of folk her employers were—worthy but rough—and not at all upon the social plane she had known at home. One of them asked her to marry him. He was going away into a primeval part of the country and wanted a hard-working wife. Of this girl's birth he thought nothing. He loved her and she loved him for loving her.

Her parents and brothers and sisters were aghast when they heard of the suggestion, and did all they could to dissuade her from marrying this man. But she consented to make the backwoodsman happy.

By so doing she has cut herself off from her family completely. They desire to have no more to do with her, because she has offended against the code of her class. So you see, straightaway she has been put in her proper place. She has been made to disown her husband's level.

And yet her decision surely deserves applause. She had been for years and years a toiler for other people; now she will toil for her husband

NOVELIST'S SON'S BRIDE-TO-BE.



Miss Phillida Wainwright, daughter of Mr. Wainwright, of Sunningdale, is to marry to-day Mr. Charles Conner, of Durham (inset).



Miss Mary Stirling, daughter of Mr. Stirling, of Sunningdale, is to marry to-day Mr. John Craigie, of Sunningdale (inset).

and herself. The work she does will bring in profits not only accountable in pounds and shillings and pence. She will be adding something to life that no amount of wage-earning can ever do.

Though there may be in the husband some jarring notes, surely she will be able to harmonise them from her own store of patience and knowledge of the refining influences of life.

But the whole question is interesting, for it is rather difficult to understand why it is practically impossible for the wife to raise the husband, when the husband certainly can the wife.

Is it that men are less adaptable than women? H.

OFFER TO SELL A HUSBAND

"Better Than Paying Witnesses To Lie in a Divorce Suit," Says the Wife.

"I will sell you my husband for £200."

"The price is too high by half."

This is the exchange of views which has just taken place between a Mrs. Agnes Bedell, of Quincy, a town outside Boston, and a Miss Mary Chandler, living in that New England city.

Mrs. Bedell thinks a wife can fix the price of a husband from her knowledge of his value as a companion and home provider.

It is more honourable, she says, to offer one's husband for sale than to pay witnesses in a divorce suit to lie and expose family rows that should never be known outside.

She doesn't believe in affinities "on the sly," and doesn't want any married man to give her £25 hats, £10 furs and coats, while giving his wife £2 hats and £3 coats.

Mr. Bedell does not seem soiled by being valued at a comparatively low sum. He has his own original theories.

"A woman is worth just twice as much as a man," he declares. "Blonde women are one-third more valuable than brunettes."

Men between twenty and thirty are worth £100; between thirty and forty-five, £200; between forty-five and fifty, £300.

GOOD SKINS NOT RARE.

The teaching of Mrs. Pomeroy, who had done more for women's appearance in all respects than anyone else in the world, has had much to do with making good complexions no longer rare. Pomeroy Skin Food, the delightful face-cream which she spent years in perfecting, can be obtained at any chemist's in an eightpenny jar. It is not in the least like any other complexion speciality, for it does not contain either animal or mineral fats, and therefore cannot cause hair to grow. But it can and does nourish the skin, keeping it fair, fine, smooth, and free from wrinkles. No woman is too young to be benefited by the use of it.—(Adv.)

NEW SERIAL

What Every Woman Forgets.

By HENRY FARMER.

(Continued from page 7.)

A strange fear rushed upon him lest he might behave in such a way that would lower him in the woman's sight, and so spoil a harmony hitherto unmarred. And as this fear assailed him she turned her head.

"I'm going to turn in," she said, quickly, her tones rather stifled. "I'm tired!"

Kavanagh almost started. It seemed to him that what had passed through his mind had communicated itself to hers.

"It's early—"

"But I'm tired!" Neuralgic pain might have contracted her brows. Yet the man had said nothing, doing nothing—only a silence!

Neither spoke as they returned to the shadowed spot where the subaltern and the dour Scot, each wishing the other at Jericho, were dividing "Maldon's" attentions.

Hours before land was sighted the nearness of port made itself felt among the passengers in the form of preoccupation and a concern about baggage.

It was not Kavanagh's, but Mrs. Cloan's and "Pat" Maldon's last night on board, Colombo their port, Madras his.

Since they watched the white wake from the stern Mrs. Cloan had been as charming and friendly as ever, but Kavanagh realised that she was bent upon avoiding another solitude a deux.

When, after dinner, Kavanagh joined Mrs. Cloan and Miss Maldon on deck, the girl produced an autograph-book, and asked him to write something more than a mere signature in it.

"What shall I write?" he asked. A deck lamp, as well as a clear, star-spinkled sky, gave light.

"Only one thing is barred!" laughed the girl. "Drawn by Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever." I don't scoff at the advice; but it's the first thing everybody seems to think of—and it's written in my book several times!"

Kavanagh laughed. She had a charming way with her, this fair girl with dark blue eyes in which a twinkle lurked.

Kavanagh glanced meditatively at his signet-ring—engraved with the Kavanagh crest and motto—and took out his fountain pen. Mrs. Cloan leant forward in her chair as he wrote:

"La vertu est la seule noblesse."

"Virtue is the only nobility," repeated the girl, translating as the words were put to paper.

Mrs. Cloan leant back again; a shadow lit her expression.

"I shall say good-bye to-morrow, Mr. Kavanagh, only good-night now," she said presently.

"I, too," said "Pat" Maldon.

Kavanagh turned in later, but could not sleep. At last he slipped on clothes and went on deck. It was still dark, but a few others were about, sleepless for the first glimpse of land.

Drawn by the fascination of the wake and—it may have been—a restless memory of nothing more than a silence, Kavanagh made his way to the stern.

Mrs. Cloan was there! She had slipped a tussore wrap over her evening gown. She had gone to her stateroom, but apparently not to bed. A gossamer thing was wrapped about her head, throat and white shoulders. She dressed very exquisitely, always.

There was no moon, but stars gemmed the sky. The throbbing of the engines, steadier than the man's heart-beats, were in a conspiracy.

Mrs. Cloan turned, and saw Kavanagh. Truly she had not anticipated this. She had not heard his approach. She was taken aback—off her guard.

Her mask was down. Her lips were quivering; suffering started out mutely from her eyes. Swift as it was, her effort to recover control was too late, and only in part successful.

Eyes met. It was a moment of mutual self-betrayal. Kavanagh read desperate suffering in her eyes, but more than that—the look of an impassioned woman who had been denied love, and needed it.

A mad instinct told him that her pulses, like his, were throbbing fiercely; that if he took her in his arms, drew her close, imprinted his lips upon hers, and told her that he loved her, he would not be unforgiven.

And it nearly happened. But as he took a step forward, arms out, she drew back suddenly, with her white hands in front of her, the fingers spliced a little, ready to fend off.

"Don't! Stay where you are!" Her stifled voice was almost harsh. "La vertu—est la seule noblesse!"

She seemed to become taller; the man bowed his head slightly, ashamedly. His arms dropped.

"It was hot in my cabin"—her tones had suddenly become nearly natural—"I came here for a breath of air, I'm going back now."

She slipped past him, and turned. She had won a victory over herself as well as the man.

"My husband will come on board to-morrow. I want to introduce you to him!"

CHAPTER III.

"MENZIES' House, Grosvenor-street," said Kavanagh to the taxicab driver.

Only eight months had passed since he voyaged to Madras via Colombo; but the serious illness of his mother, happily now recovered, and a cable-gram had cut short his year or so of travel.

That afternoon, when he had turned into his club, the last person in the world he expected to meet there was "Rajah" Cloan, the guest of a mutual acquaintance.

Last time they had met was on the deck of the Mooltana in Colombo Harbour for a few minutes, amid the hustle and bustle of disembarkation.

"Rajah" Cloan, in a pith helmet and ducks, had

come on board from his yacht—a big-framed man, whom climate had not thinned, but with a climatic, livershine tinge to his complexion, and his small, shrewd eyes a little bloodshot as from continual contact with sun-glare; an ugly, rather ruthless-looking man, but with the attraction of strength and purposefulness about him.

With abrupt, colonial hospitality, he had invited Kavanagh, on the strength of his wife's introduction, to his yacht, but a woman's eyes had flashed "Don't!"—and in any case Kavanagh would have refused.

And yet, when Kavanagh met Cloan that afternoon unexpectedly, he had accepted the latter's invitation to dine informally and renew his acquaintance with Mrs. Cloan.

But why—argued Kavanagh—why on earth should he not renew a friendship with a charming, accomplished woman? The spell of the sea, the stars and the wake were upon him that night on board the Mooltana, and such conditions and emotions would not repeat themselves.

The cab pulled up at Menzies House, that Cloan had taken for a year.

In a cloakroom off the beautiful, spacious hall Kavanagh put his tie straight, rather restlessly. Would she perhaps reproach with those eyes of hers for his being come? Was this quite playing the game?

"Mr. Kavanagh," announced the man-servant, who ushered him into a beautiful reception-room in Adams's style, the white ceiling and fireplace gracefully and expensively worked.

Kavanagh did not notice the servant's quick, furtive glance at Michael Cloan, who stood before the fireplace with his legs rather wide apart.

Mrs. Cloan had risen and was holding out her hand.

Her ivory-satin gown, over-netted with jet, was draped clingingly, her skirt slashed after the vogue of the hour, and revealed the fascination of her form as it gave life and curve.

But Kavanagh only saw that her face was almost as colourless as the ivory of her gown, that her lips were smiling, but her eyes flashing reproach.

"How do you do, Mr. Kavanagh?" she said conventionally. "I'm so delighted to meet you again."

But with her eyes, almost fiercely—"Why have you come?"

He bowed slightly over her hand, said something and wished to heaven he had stayed away. But it was too late.

Conventions called. He crossed to his host.

He admired the man for what he had done and his strength; and he recognised his attraction, but he had not taken to him personally. He had speculated. Mrs. Cloan's married life on board the Mooltana, and more furiously since his meeting with Cloan at Colombo.

There was a tremendous suggestion of physical strength about the broad shoulders of the man with his back to the fireplace. His strong mouth had the compressed expression common to men continually controlling and mastering creatures, whether horses, coolies, or women.

"How do you do, Kavanagh?" said Cloan.

He took a forward step, and stumbled. His voice was thick, and as he spoke all the strength and resolution seemed to fall away from his mouth. It went loose.

"How do you do?" replied Kavanagh.

His voice and expression were controlled; but it was obvious to him that Cloan was drunk.

Kavanagh became instantly and most painfully conscious of Mrs. Cloan's near presence, but dared not look at her. The contradiction of her eyes and lips, when she greeted him, was explained. Was he in possession of the actual key to the unhappiness and suffering he had divined on board the Mooltana?

But he must say something; behave normally. He felt back desperately on the weather, and remarked to Cloan that June was living up to its reputation and flaming.

Cloan nodded his head, leant heavily against the mantelpiece, and plunged his hands into his trouser pockets, which were cut high and horizontally. Kavanagh could see white shirt and the tabs of braces as the dress waistcoat rumbled up.

"By the way, Suzanne," Cloan laughed tickly. "Carrie rang me up—this afternoon—and coolly suggested that I should help 'the cause'—with a cheque."

Kavanagh's teeth were on edge. If the man would only hold his tongue! But he went on.

"Carrie," Cloan turned heavily in Kavanagh's direction. "Carrie is my sister—she's a bee in her bonnet. She wants votes for women, and thinks that she's going to frighten men—men into giving 'em the vote—by burning down houses and damaging golf-links. To hear her talk, Kavanagh, you'd think women were kept in chained gangs by men, and occasionally executed, subjected to atrocities that put that last Congo business into the shade. And that, by the way, was worked up from nothing by a confounded sentimentalist, who didn't keep quiet he was talking about it. I do know. I've handled native labour."

Cloan's eyes glowed more redly.

(Continued on page 14.)

GREY & FADED HAIR

A POSITIVE CURE. NO PARTIAL OR PASSING EFFECTS
NO DYING OR STAINING.

Treatment SENT FREE under cover for successful and simple home treatment, showing how the original colour and beauty of the hair can be POSITIVELY REGAINED AND RETAINED characteristic of all the brilliancy and character of youth by a harmless and NATURAL process of stimulation, requiring no special preparation or attention from the everyday mode of life. The one satisfactory and effective remedy, pleasant and refreshing, entirely free from the objectionable use of dye, stains and artificial colourings.

THE FACTTATIVE CO.,

(Ground Floor) 68, VICTORIA ST., WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W. (Nearly Opposite Army and Navy Stores.)



Olive
Oil
from
Spain.

The
Beauty
Giver.

Renowned for centuries as beauty-givers, Palm and Olive Oils are also to-day absolutely unrivalled for their beneficial effect upon the skin. Combined in the form of a cake of beautiful pale green soap called

PALMOLIVE

there is nothing that will delight and please all those who take a pride in their personal appearance more.

PALMOLIVE will soften the hardest water, soothe and beautify the most tender of skins, and give just that charm to the complexion that every woman admires.

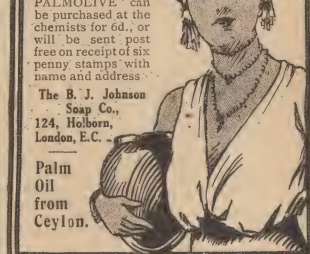
There is no artificial colouring, no strong alkali and no pungent perfume in PALMOLIVE—it is all pure, fragrant Soap.

A new-born babe can be washed with PALMOLIVE.

A liberal sample can be had free, or a large cake of PALMOLIVE can be purchased at the chemists for 6d., or will be sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps with name and address.

The B. J. Johnson Soap Co., 124, Holborn, London, E.C.

Palm Oil from Ceylon.



WRINKLES REMOVED IN 48 HOURS.

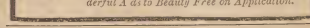
This great Egyptian Remedy is now manufactured from the original recipe, and sent post free, at 2/6 medium-size jar; 4/6 large jar; 8/6 extra large jar.

'WRINKOLA'

has a marvellous effect upon the complexion, effectually removing all WRINKLES as if by magic. Absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin. Will not grow hair.

NO MASSAGE! NO RUBBING!

Under plain cover from the Nanyang Company, Sole Manufacturers, Dept. M. 31, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. List of Wonderful A to Z Beauty Free on Application.



Here is another!

lolly Recipes No. 5. Orange Chantreuse.

Four oranges, 1 pint Chivers' orange jelly. Prepare jelly according to directions on packet. Peel and divide the oranges. Split each segment lengthwise. Dip pieces into a little of the orange jelly and arrange at the bottom and sides of a plain mould. Pour in a little of the jelly and allow to set. When the jelly is cold, but not set, pour into the prepared mould and turn out when set. Decorate with a little chopped orange jelly.

Chivers' Jellies

FLAVOURED WITH RIPE FRUIT JUICES

The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge.

BY HENRY FARMER.

(Continued from page 13.)

Mrs. Cloan rose slowly, a piece of faultless mechanism again. It was the natural moment of her withdrawal. Kavanagh opened the door for her. She looked past him as she made a conventional little movement acknowledging his courtesy.

Another long instalment of this powerful novel will appear to-morrow.

By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE

CHAPTER XXXVIII. AND LAST.

brook," he said. The commissaire recognised the man of millions and bowed. "I was formerly known as Loseby—Eustace Loseby," he added. Flame looked up quickly. "If that is your name," he said, "you have gained something over

The intimation was clearly accepted by Renée when three days later she married Philip Flame.

THE END.

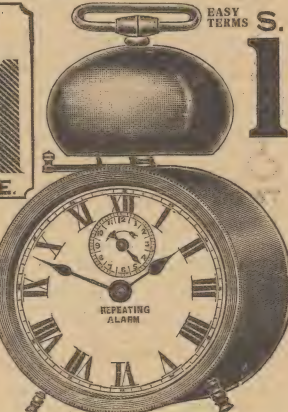


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POST FREE



Best for Baby

AVORY & MOORE'S

milk and water mixtures, that it prevents, so important in later life. You may be sure that Food with the assurance that you are giving the "best" food for your child—as it

SAMPLE FOR 3d.
Send 3d. in stamps for postage of
Special Trial Tin of Savory and
Moore's Food to Savory and Moore.

AVORY & MOORE'S

Ltd., Chemists to The King, New
Bond-st., London. Mention "Daily
Mirror."

FOOD



Why they take Sanatogen.

Mr. Landon Ronald, the eminent Musician, writes: "I have been taking Sanatogen, and think that it has decidedly helped me to get through the extremely arduous work that I have had to do during the past few months."

Mr. Hall Caine, the famous Author, writes: "My experience has been that, as a tonic nerve-food, Sanatogen has on more than one occasion done me good."

Thousands upon thousands of people are daily gaining new nerve-power, health and strength from Sanatogen—the tonic food with lasting effects.

Amongst them are many of the most famous people in the world—such as those whose portraits and letters are given above.

And over 19,000 doctors have written voluntary letters, commending Sanatogen because of the excellent results which they have obtained from it in cases of Nervous Exhaustion, Brain-fag, Sleeplessness, Depression, Impaired Digestion, and various wasting diseases.

Why not try Sanatogen? The coupon printed below will bring you a Free Sample, and you can take it with the absolute assurance that Sanatogen is a genuine remedy which really does what is claimed for it.

Sanatogen
THE FOOD-TONIC

Sanatogen is both a food and a tonic—a pure, scientific health food, which gives concentrated nutriment to every cell and tissue of your body, and a powerful tonic which invigorates your brain and nervous system in a way that nothing else can.

Send for a Free Sample to-day. Afterwards, you can buy Sanatogen at any Chemist's, from 1s. 9d. per tin.

FREE SAMPLE.

To A. Wulff and Co.,
12, Chancery Street, London, W.C.

Please send me a Free Sample of Sanatogen and a Booklet. I enclose a penny stamp for postage.

Name

Address

S. 52/549a.

TO CURE SORE THROAT RAPIDLY.

That is what everyone who gets sore throat desires, so that he may go about his work without inconvenience.

Many preparations have been introduced for the purpose. Most modern doctors rely entirely on Wulff's Formant because it is admittedly the best and quickest remedy for the purpose.

Proof of its value is supplied by "The Practitioner," in which a physician writes:—"Having tried all the British Pharmacopoeia lozenges and most of the proprietary antiseptic lozenges, I have become reduced to one, and one only (for sore throat)—namely, Wulff's Formant."

It may be obtained at all Chemists, price 1s. 11d. per bottle of fifty tablets. Refuse all substitutes and ensure your own health.

STAGE MASCOTS.

How Actors and Playwrights Try to Avert Ill-Luck.

"There is no profession in which the power of mascots is more fully believed in than that of the stage."

This statement apropos the discussion regarding the "heavenism" of mascots and their growing adoption in this country, was made to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by Mr. H. Chance Newton, the well-known theatrical expert.

One of the most striking examples of modern mascots in theatrical circles is a so-called mascot watch, which must be made in Jerusalem.

According to Mr. Newton, actors and actresses must be held responsible for the present-day cult of the mascot among various classes.

There are few actors, actresses, managers or dramatists of any note to-day, it would appear, who do not possess some weird sort of charm, or admit to queer superstitions on which they rely to bring them good fortune in any new venture.

For example, Mr. Seymour Hicks and his wife, Miss Edith Terrie, said Mr. Newton, are wont to invoke success for any new production by giving each other nice little presents.

Mr. Matheson Lang and his wife, Miss Hilda Britton, also give each other mascot presents in this way.

Mr. Hale Hamilton, the American comedian, will not go upon the stage, especially on the first night of any production, without placing in his left shoe a ten-cent piece.

Among managers and actor-managers Mr. George Edwards, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Mr. Louis Meyer and Mr. E. S. Willard each believe, or used to believe until lately, in procuring any new production by having a little script "busted" on the racetrack.

If they win they look forward to success on the theatrical side.

Mr. George Edwards has been known, when a certain race has not brought in the success he wished, to postpone some contemplated production.

"Of dramatists I could name many who are not without their superstitious feelings," continued Mr. Chance Newton.

For a long time Mr. George R. Sims feared to be present at the first production of a new play of his, and used to walk up and down the Embankment while it was being played.

"Sir Arthur Pinero has assured me that he feels more comfortable about a play if he can write it or finish it in a certain month or season."

On the music-hall stage Miss Marie Lloyd and Miss Cecilia Loftus are two of the foremost artists who collect and believe in mascots of divers description. I have seen Miss Marie Lloyd part with her last mascot from time to time in order to ensure good fortune to a needy comrade."

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 73



To-day's beauty. No names are given, and prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete list of the names of the original beauty with the best summary of their merits, at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the pictures are appearing.—(Ellis and Watley.)

MAN WHO DEFENDED DREYFUS.

AMIENS, Jan. 19.—General Picquart, whose death is announced this morning, fell from his horse on Tuesday, striking the frozen ground with his head. His injuries at first appeared slight, but complications suddenly set in.—Reuter.

As Colonel Picquart, the late General became celebrated by the noble part he played in the Dreyfus case. It was while serving as Chief of the Intelligence Department of the French War Office that Colonel Picquart asserted his belief in the innocence of Dreyfus. As a result he was dismissed from the War Office, and later he was arrested, secretly examined, and then retired from the army. Next day he was tried for revealing War Office secrets and kept in prison for nine months. With the acquittal of Dreyfus—at whose retrial he was one of the chief witnesses—he was reinstated in the army, promoted to the rank of general, and given the portfolio of war in the Clemenceau Cabinet.

TRAWLER'S FINE SALVAGE FEAT.

Details of a fine salvage feat by the trawler Bassino were received in Hull yesterday.

Observing signals of distress from the disabled steamer Bard, the trawler's crew launched a boat and got a tow-line aboard.

After some hours' towing the line parted, and, as it was too tempestuous to launch a boat again, the trawler's skipper fastened the line to three bladders and maneuvered the vessel so that those on board the Bard were able to pick them up.

After four days' towing the Bard, which is valued at £10,000, was safely got into Christiania.

"I AM THE FORGER."

Inquiry Agent Says Accused Official Made Confession to Him.

"I said, 'Yes, you are the man who took rooms at the Paddington Hotel in the name of Anson.' Accused replied, 'Yes, you are right. I am the forger. I did it. I dare say I could have got the claim through it if I had tried, but I do not think I should have taken the money.'"

This was the dramatic statement made by Alfred W. Cope, an inquiry officer, at Bow-street yesterday, in the case of alleged forgery by a Civil Servant.

Alfred Graham Hodgson, ex-clerk to the Special Commissioners at Somerset House, who deal with the super-tax, was committed for trial charged with having forged a request for the repayment of income-tax to the amount of £374 10s., in the name of Andrew Anson. Bail was allowed.

During the hearing of the evidence Hodgson, a small-framed, clean-shaven man, with iron-grey hair, sat immovable in the dock.

Edward Chapman, cashier in the office of the Accountant and Controller General, Somerset House, stated that at the beginning of October he received authority to pay £466 13s. to Mr. James Williams, of the Hotel Russell. In the ordinary course witness would send a receivable order.

Later he was rung up on the telephone by someone giving the name of Hodgson, who asked him if he could, under special circumstances, give cash or an open cheque for the receivable order. Witness replied that it would be most irregular, and he would have to consult the head of his department.

Alexander Webster, a clerk in the office of the Special Commissioners of Income-Tax, stated that on November 19, on the defendant's instructions, he issued a super-tax form to A. Anson, Great Western Hotel, Paddington. Two days later defendant handed him an anonymous letter, which read:—

A. Anson, staying at the Great Western Hotel, Piccadilly. If one-half of what this man says is true he is getting £10,000 a year. It will pay you to look after him.

Norman Fisher, a Commissioner of Inland Revenue, said that after Hodgson had been told he received a letter from him in which he said:—

If, for the sake of my wife and children, you can do anything to get the charge reduced, so that it could be dealt with by the magistrate, my punishment will be enough.

Inquiry-Officer Cope, who next gave evidence, stated that after he had arrested Hodgson the accused said that he was living up to his word, and what with bringing up a family of three children he had got a little behind, but not much.

BOY'S FATAL FEAR OF POLICE.

Delusions that the police were watching him were mentioned as a cause of the self-inflicted death of Albert John Wilding, of Summerfield-road, Lee, a street orderly boy, aged fourteen, at the inquest at Lewisham yesterday, where a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

His father said the boy appeared to be worrying over some broken glass which had been placed in his barrow, and when questioned said something about policemen and detectives watching him in motor-cars.

The boy was found dead at the tool depot of the Council, with a blood-stained table-knife near him. A doctor stated that there was a deep wound in the throat which caused death.

AFRICAN STRIKERS RESUME WORK

Practically all the South African strikers have returned to work, according to the latest telegrams, and the dispute is almost over.

JOHANNESBURG, Jan. 19.—Two hundred railway-men have signed on at Germiston, and a large number at Braamfontein, where it was decided at a meeting to resume work to-morrow.—Reuter.

DURBAN, Jan. 19.—A number of workshop hands are resuming work here, and resistance has practically collapsed. Two prominent local labour leaders, Messrs. Raiburn and Tilbury, have been arrested.—Reuter.

PRETORIA, Jan. 19.—The whole of the railway running staff employed here signed on this morning. Some of the men have already resumed work.—Reuter.

500 WRINKLED FACES MADE BEAUTIFUL IN A SINGLE NIGHT



Without Plasters, Massage Creams or Appliances. Positively no masks, apparatus, harmful lotions, powders, steaming pots, nor any method even used or even heard of before.

1,000 COMPLETE TREATMENTS ABSOLUTELY FREE THIS MONTH.

I accidentally discovered a way to rid myself in a single night of all the mouth-markings, forehead furrows, sagging cheeks, and other repulsive beauty-destroying disfigurements with which fifteen years of trouble, worry, and distress had scarred my face. As a special introductory offer, I now want 1,000 more to try it with the understanding that they will recommend the method to their friends after it proves entirely successful.

SEND NO MONEY.

You incur no obligation in writing me, and if, after seeing just what the method consists of, you do not care to try it, I will forward postage for its return. Write promptly, before it is too late. Send no money for the treatment, but if convenient you may enclose two penny stamps for posting. Address: E. H. WILSON, LONDON, and your letter will receive prompt attention under plain sealed cover.

TO CURE CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES.

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness and head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in many instances has effected a complete cure after all else has failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear a watch tick have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear.

Therefore, if you know someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrh, or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them, and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home, and is made as follows:—

Secure from your chemist 1oz. Parnint (Double Strength), about 2s. 6d. worth. Take this home, and add to it 2-pint of hot water and 4oz. moist or granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most distressing head noises, headache, dullness, cloudy thinking, etc., while the hearing rapidly returns as the system is invigorated by the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the progress of catarrh, and which are quickly overcome by this efficacious treatment. Nearly ninety per cent. of all ear troubles are directly caused by catarrh; therefore, there are but few people whose hearing cannot be restored by this simple home treatment.

Every person who is troubled with head noises, catarrhal deafness, or catarrh in any form, should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.

IMPORTANT.—In ordering Parnint from your chemist you should specify that you want Double Strength. Should he not have it in stock, write to the International Laboratories, Carlton House, Great Queen Street, London, W.C., who make a speciality of it.—(Adv't.)

Why Salves fail to cure Eczema

Scientists are now agreed that the eczema germs are lodged, not in the outer skin, but in the inner skin. Hence a penetrating liquor is required, not an outward salve, which only cures the pores. D. D. D. Prescription, a mild, soothing liquid as clean and pure to use as water, instantly cleanses the skin of all impurities. Pimples, rashes, blotches, itchy eczema are washed away overnight. The more serious forms of skin trouble—bad leg, dry eczema, psoriasis often yield to the second bottle. D. D. D. Prescription (2s. 3d. and 4s. 6d.). D. D. D. Skin Soap (9d.) can be obtained at all reliable chemists, or if you wish to try the Prescription first send your name and address, with 2 penny stamps, to the D. D. D. Laboratory, Dept. 102, Bangor House, Shoe-lane, London, who will send you a Free Bottle.

TO REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT

If you are over-stout the cause of your over-stoutness is the lack of oxygen-carrying power in the blood and faulty assimilation of food. Too little is being made into the harder tissue of muscle and too much into little globules of fat. Therefore, you should correct the malassimilation and increase the oxygen-carrying power of the blood. To do this, go to any good chemist and get oil of orilene in capsule form, and take one capsule after each meal and one at bedtime till your weight is reduced to what it should be on all parts of the body. The effect of oil of orilene in capsule form is remarkable as a weight reducer, and it is perfectly safe.—E. J. T.—(Adv't.)

GREAT ADVERTISING OFFER

**GENUINE GOODS ON GENUINE
TERMS BY THE LEADING FIRM.**

**A RECORD CONTRACT has now been completed by the WELL-KNOWN
MAIL-ORDER FIRM.**

THE BRITISH CLOTHING CLUB, 74, OLDHAM ST., MANCHESTER

(The Original Bargain Bale Advertisers).

Thousands of parcels of **First-Class Complete Sets of Ladies' Clothing** will be sent out during the next few weeks on our **EASY PAYMENT PRINCIPLE.**

As a **Huge Advertisement**, we will send the under-mentioned Complete Set of Garments, &c., to all approved orders on **Receipt of First Payment of 2/- only**—and the small sum of 2/- per month can be paid **after Receipt of the Goods**. Every parcel is well worth **Two Guineas**. Each article being of **Beautiful Quality and First-Class make**. Send **Your Order With Deposit To-day** to secure these splendid bargains.

All goods actually sent out on receipt of first payment to all approved orders. Deal only with the original firm to prevent disappointment.

A **Lovely Woolen Shawl** will be given for **Cash with Order** and money returned in full if not completely satisfied.

A Manufacturer's entire stock of Shawls has been purchased by us especially for giving away to our Customers.

LIST OF ARTICLES IN THE PARCEL: PRICE 20/- ONLY.

- 1 Beautiful White Longcloth or Flannelette Chemise.
- 1 Beautiful Nightdress—White Longcloth or Flannelette.
- 1 Pretty Embroidered Nightdress Case.
- 1 Pair Splendid Woven Combination.
- 1 Pair Splendid Stockings—Plain or Ribbed.
- 1 Pair Latest Fashion Unbreakable Corsets.
- 1 Pair Excellent Knickers, with slotted ribbons, or
- 1 Pair of Muriel Divided Skirts.
- 1 Pretty Cambridge Camisole, with slotted ribbons.
- 1 Magnificent Underskirt, Moiré or Flannelette.
- 1 Beautiful Delaine Blouse.
- 1 Fashionable Cloth or Tweed Dress Skirt.

EVERY ARTICLE FULL SIZE & GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY

THE WHOLE VALUABLE AND DESIRABLE OUTFIT sent on receipt of ONE OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST PAYMENT of 2/- DRAPERY BARGAINS.
This Advertisement will not appear every day.

CUT OUT

To be sent with Order—"Daily Mirror" Coupon, 20/1/14.

To The British Clothing Club, 74, Oldham Street, Manchester.

Order from— FULL NAME..... Amount enclosed.....

FULL ADDRESS.....

TOWN..... COUNTY.....

Size of Corsets..... Length of Skirt..... Blouse at neck.....



What a Tempting Floor!

Small wonder that the shades of departed revellers should revisit the scenes of their former gaieties in order to foot a stately measure upon a floor made perfect by the application of

Mansion Polish

which is equally good for Linoleum and Furniture. It is economical in use and easily applied.

Of all Dealers. Tins 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d. and 1s.

CHISWICK POLISH CO., Ltd., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.

TRY THIS FOR YOUR COMPLEXION

AND

SKIN TROUBLES



**DAVID MACQUEEN'S
VEGETINE PILLS.**
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.
Clearing and Beautifying the Complexion
and for all Skin Complaints.
Small Size 1/6.
THE DAVID MACQUEEN COMPANY,
Paternoster Row, LONDON, England.

**YOU CAN TEST IT
ABSOLUTELY FREE.**

**THE ONLY THING FOR
THE COMPLEXION.**

To obtain a good complexion and to keep it you must take *Vegetine Pills*. Cosmetics, ointments, "skin-foods" all are bad for the skin.

What you want is something which will purify your blood and draw all impurities away from the skin-surface and expel them from the system.

Everyone who has taken the trouble to inquire into the matter now admits that *Vegetine Pills* are the only certain remedy for a bad complexion. They remove every kind of skin blemish. This has been proved by thousands. These Pills are now sold all over the world, and they are taken regularly by people who value their complexion.

Vegetine Pills are the only complexion Pills which produce a clear, healthy skin without injury to the system. They are the only complexion Pills which also improve the general health.

You can this week test them free of charge.

THIS IS MY OFFER TO-DAY.

Vegetine Pills are sold in boxes, price:—

- 1s. 1jd. the box.
- 2s. 9d. the box (three times the quantity).
- 4s. 6d. the box (six times the quantity).

You can obtain them from any chemist. Or you can send direct to the proprietors, THE DAVID MACQUEEN CO., Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

NOW THIS IS MY OFFER.—Purchase to-day a box of *Vegetine Pills*, either from your chemist or from the proprietors. Take the usual dose for 4 days. Then if you see no improvement in your complexion or feel no benefit in your general health send back the remainder of the Pills to us—David Macqueen Co., Paternoster Row, London—and your money will be returned to you in full, without any deduction whatever. The only condition we make is that you send back the unused Pills within six days of purchase.

I ALSO ADVISE THE USE OF VEGETINE SOAP WITH VEGETINE PILLS.

I want you to reap the full benefit of the *Vegetine Beauty Treatment*. To do this you must use the right kind of soap.

Vegetine Soap is the best for you because, while it has all the advantages of the best toilet soap, it also possesses a curative value. A bad soap will undo half the good *Vegetine Pills* do you; but *Vegetine Soap* assists the pills in their work of purifying the skin.

My advice, then, is that while taking *Vegetine Pills* you should use only *Vegetine Soap*. This soap is the best made, and can be obtained from any chemist, price 9d. per tablet, or direct post

paid at same price from the proprietors—The David Macqueen Co., Paternoster Row, E.C.—Send to-day for a box of *Vegetine Pills*, and a tablet of *Vegetine Soap*, and begin the treatment at once.

REMARKABLE RESULTS.

The results achieved by *Vegetine Pills* are really remarkable. Sensitive people who have suffered for years untold misery owing to their bad complexion have in a few weeks obtained a perfectly clear, satin-smooth skin, simply by the use of *Vegetine Pills*.

They are a blood cleanser of extraordinary potency, and when used the following face blemishes rapidly disappear:—

| | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| Pimples. | Blackheads. |
| Graasy Skin. | Scarc of Colour. |
| Skin Roughness. | Blotches. |
| Spots. | Eczema. |
| Boils. | Sallowness. |
| Acne. | Pasty Complexion. |

A SUGGESTION.

If you suffer from any complexion trouble whatever, adopt this suggestion: Make one trial of *Vegetine Pills*. You can get the Pills at any chemist or direct from the proprietors.

Buy a Box TO-DAY. Follow the directions, and in three days you will notice an improvement. In ten or fourteen days you will be astounded by the change for the better in your appearance. And in a very short time you will have an absolutely perfect skin.

VEGETINE PILLS AND VEGETINE SOAP are sold by all chemists, including **BOOTS', TAYLOR'S, T. WHITE CO., LEWIS AND BURROWS, PARKES',** etc. the Pills at 1s. 1jd., 2s. 9d. (three times the quantity) and 4s. 6d. (six times the quantity); the soap at 9d. per tablet; or direct, post free.

Coupon for Direct Orders.

To the David Macqueen Co., Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Please send me post free one box of *Vegetine Pills* at and one tablet of *Vegetine Soap* at 9d., for which I enclose the sum of

Name

Address

F.20.1.14

DANCING.

PERFECT WALTZ, with REVERSE, BOS-TON ONE-STEP and TWO-STEP GUARANTEED IN FOUR PRIVATE LESSONS and PRACTICE with EXPERT ASSISTANTS for £1 1s.
(TANGO as danced in Paris and London in THREE LESSONS. CALL for FIRST LESSON at any Time.)
CHABRIER DANCING SCHOOL, LEADING TEACHER OF SOCIETY DANCING; adjoining Bond-st. Tube. Phone. 5582 Myfair.

PERSONAL.

M. M.—Summer-time, thirteen years ago, now—
WONDERING if you understood my message, dear—
Dinner.
ADA home from Canada. Jim writes—34, New-road, Lr. Edmonton.
IN "Mackie's Weekly," Friendship's Garden, a page for women, will attract you. Friendship, one penny.

*The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 4d. per word (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisements in Personal Column 8d. per word (minimum 8 words). Address Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 25-29, Broad-st., London.

RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.

£11 1s.—TOURS to SPAIN and Extensions to SEVILLA.
Accompanied by Mr. George Lane.
App. Sec. 42, Gt. Russell-st., W.C.

MARKETING BY POST.

GAME! Game! Game! 1/- Phenaxia, 6s. 6d. brace; 4 Phenaxia and 2 Partridges, 8s. 6d.; Wild Duck, 4s. 6d. brace; 4 Partridges, 4s. 3d.; 4 Partridges, 4s. 3d.; 3 Chickens, 5s. 2d.; 1 Wildcat, 4s. 3d.; 4 Snipe, 3s. 9d.; 4 Snipe and Wild Duck, 4s. 6d.; all carriage paid; all birds trussed.
—27005 Stoken, 151, 273 and 281, Edgware-road, London, W.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ANTIQUES, old coloured sporting and other prints, old china, silk-work pictures, Tolly jugs, glass pictures, bought for cash.—Folkards (estd. 1814), 355, Oxford-st., W. (Old) Bought; all wishing to restore full value should apply to the dental manufacturers instead of to provincial buyers; if forwarded by post named value per return or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, 63, Oxford-st., London, Est. over 100 years. Note No. 1.

LAST OFF Clothing.—All Uniforms, Lace, Teeth, Jewellery, C etc., bought at highest prices; buyers attend free; cash return for parcels.—Peters and Co., 24, High Holborn Gate, London. Phone. 1,845 Park. Est. 50 years.

DAMAGED Jewellery.—"M. Teeth" etc., highest prices by return.—Johnson and Co., 41, Chancery-lane, E.C.

GENT'S Ladies' second-hand Clothes; good prices parcels.—Great Central Stores, 24, Holborn, London.

OLD False Teeth bought any kind; we pay more than any other firm for both on vulcanite, silver, gold or platinum, post today.—Balls, Upper-road, Leeds.

OLD Teeth, broken Jewellery, Plate, Antiques, etc.; good prices by return.—Peters and Co., 24, High Holborn Gate, London.

SCRAP Platinum, Gold, Dental Alloy and Silver purchased for cash; highest prices.—Peters and Co., 24, High Holborn Gate, London.

STANLEY and Co. give highest possible prices by return for Jewellery, Old Teeth (any condition), Diamonds, Plate, Corsets; executives note.—35, Oxford-st., London, W.

VALUABLE Jewellery Bought for Cash.—Gold, Watches, Chains, Rings, Trinkets, Silver Antiques, Precious stones; best value sent for parcels or offers made; no commission too large; come to us; ref. Central and Counties Bank.—Fraser's (Jewellers), Ltd., Goldsmiths (Desk 63), Prince-st., Ipswich. Established 1858.

AVIARIES, POULTRY and PETS.
CANARIES, every variety; cheap; British birds; talking Parrots, etc.; list free.—Rudd, Specialist, Norwich.

DAILY MAIL

POISONED FOOT

Miss
JENNIE
BRENNAN



Who
Found
Zam-Buk
a Boon.

"My foot pained me when going home one day," says Miss Jennie Brennan, of 14, Mount Vernon, Edge Hill, Liverpool. "When I got my shoe off, I found blisters on my toes. I pricked these with a needle.

"Soon my foot got very painful as if with blood-poisoning. The blisters broke, and my foot got so inflamed and sore I couldn't walk.

"The doctor's ointment didn't heal my foot, and my sister thought I should have to have it taken off.

"Luckily, however, I tried Zam-Buk, which soothed the pain beautifully.

"With continued use, Zam-Buk took away all the inflammation and swelling, and grew new healthy skin. My foot has now healed up splendidly."

Zam-Buk

There's nothing to equal this wonderful Zam-Buk for curing skin diseases and healing poisoned wounds, cuts, bruises, burns, &c. All Chemists and Drug Stores at 1/10 or 2/6 per box. Refuse all imitations.

GREATSALE

Send P.O. at once. Don't delay.
Money returned if not delighted.

This Fashionable Brush Mount
(Made of Goat Hair)

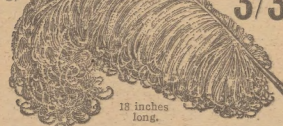
2/4

(During
Sale)

In Black
and
Grey.

(About 10in.
high)

TWO for
6/-



This Beautiful Feather

Call at

our
Showroom
To-day.

Amazing
Reductions
in Real
Osprey.

3/3

In Black, White, and all colours POST FREE.
Foreign and Colonial postage 1/- extra. Goods sent on approval on receipt of remittance or London trade reference. Renovations a Speciality.
Other Ostrich Feathers from 2s. to 5s. 5s.

New Illustrated Catalogue L.O. post free on Request.
Call at our Showrooms To-day.

Telephone: Regent 1659.

THE CAPE OSTRICH
FEATHER CO., LTD.
(Importers and Manufacturers),

131, REGENT ST.,
LONDON, W.

Showroom on 1st Floor. Entrance in Heddon Street.

THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

Fear of Floods in Paris.

When the thaw sets in after the severe frost in Paris engineers prophesy (says Reuter) that the Seine will again overflow its banks.

Little Boat for Big Journey.

Mr. Guy Shorrocks, a Calcutta broker, is planning to start from Calcutta to England in a 100-ton yacht, 82ft. in length, with a beam of 19ft. and a draught of 10ft.

Another of Woman's Rights!

If the King was advised not to receive a W.S.P.U. deputation, said Mrs. Dacre Fox, at a meeting at Knightsbridge Hall yesterday, they had got to know the reason why.

Girl with No Sense of Smell.

Said to have been born without a sense of smell, a girl domestic servant employed at Lewisham was found dead in a room full of gas, and at the inquest yesterday a verdict of Death from Misadventure was returned.

WIDOWS OF A7 HEROES.

Urgent Need of Public Help to Augment Admiralty's Miserable Pittance.

What will be done for the widows of the crew of the lost submarine? Will a grateful country reward them with the dole of 5s. a week and 1s. 6d. for each child which the Admiralty holds to be adequate recognition of the services of the men who die heroes' deaths in a steel tomb far beneath the surface of the sea?

It will be recalled that, following on the sinking of the B2 in October, 1912, the miserable pittance which was granted to the widows led to a public outcry, to which many of our foremost public men added the weight of their words.

But popular opinion failed to pierce the official armour of the Admiralty, and had it not been for the Naval Disasters Fund, a private organisation at Portsmouth, the widows would have received their 5s. a week and nothing more.

Now, probably anticipating a similar meed of "gratitude" from the Government to the men who so willingly sacrifice their lives in the nation's interest, the Mayor of Portsmouth, Mr. J. H. Corke, makes an appeal for public subscriptions to the Naval Disasters Fund:—

The finances at the moment at the disposal of the committee will not permit of any fresh grants being made and I beg, therefore, to make a very urgent appeal to the public to subscribe liberally to the Naval Disasters Fund, in order to place the committee in the position of being able to deal with the claims which will undoubtedly arise in connection with the recent calamity, and so that the grief of the bereaved at the loss of their loved ones may not be added to by want.

The fund, which exists for the purpose of providing as far as possible for the widows, orphans and dependents of men who have lost their lives in the execution of their duty, is managed by a committee, on which men of the lowest rank are largely represented. Practically no money is spent in administering the fund.

CHILDREN SCALDED TO DEATH.

By falling into a bath of boiling water, a boy of five, named Pemberton, received injuries from which he died at the Royal Berks Infirmary at Reading yesterday.

His mother's back was turned at the time of the accident, and as she rushed to take him out of the bath he exclaimed: "It is my fault, mummy."

Through the breaking of a teapot containing boiling water another child was scalded at Reading yesterday and died shortly afterwards.

NATIONAL PIT DISASTER FUND.

An important conference was held at the Mansion House yesterday to consider the suggestion of inaugurating a national fund for the relief of distress from fatal colliery accidents.

Without expressing any opinion upon the suggestion, the meeting proclaimed the desirability of appointing a committee to consider the matter and to report to a subsequent meeting to be convened by the Lord Mayor.

A committee of a representative character was appointed.

LAWYER'S CHALLENGE TO A DUEL.

PARIS, Jan. 19.—M. Georges Desbous, the lawyer whose revelations in connection with the attempted murder of Cherif Pasha led to the discovery of the lodgings of Djewad Ali Bey, the author of the outrage, and of his name, has expressed his intention of challenging Cherif Pasha to a duel.

The latter, after asking him to his house, he complains, refused to see him, alleging that the police had forbidden him to meet anyone except intimate friends.—Reuter.

BRITAIN'S LOSS BY EMIGRATION.

The United Kingdom lost 388,813 people in 1913 by emigration, according to the Board of Trade return just issued.

Of these 284,663 went to other parts of the British Empire, while foreign countries claimed 104,150. The United States gained 94,660 of the latter.

RISKED LIFE TO STOP RUNAWAYS

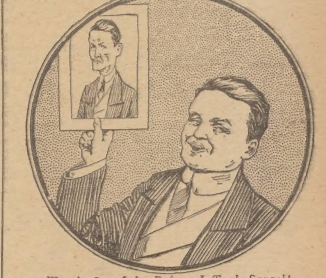
By catching the reins of two runaway horses attached to an Army Service Corps wagon at Aldershot yesterday, a District Council employee named Cross at the risk of his life brought them to a standstill, after the driver had been thrown off the vehicle and injured.

TOOK HIS CHEMIST'S ADVICE

Gained 30-lbs. in 30 Days.

Thin folk who have always thought that it was impossible for them to get fat should just step into the nearest chemist's shop and ask the man behind the counter what he thinks of Sargol as a flesh-builder. Your chemist is a man who knows, because daily dozens of thin, undeveloped men and women come into his shop and get a box of Sargol, and before they leave he weighs them on his scales—scales that he knows are right. Some perhaps buy only a week's supply, yet when they return an increase of five to six pounds in weight is shown. Another week goes by and another gain of five to six pounds is made. And so it goes.

Day after day for four years the chemists of Great Britain have had the chance to see on their own scales and with their own eyes the marvellous results produced by Sargol. Is it any wonder then that they recommend Sargol as being the only safe, reliable and absolutely sure way of putting on weight?



Wasn't I a Joke Before I Took Sargol!

For women who can never appear anything but thin because of their thinness, Sargol will always prove a revelation. It is a beauty maker as well as a form builder and nerve strengthener. Men increase their nerve power as well as adding many pounds of good healthy flesh.

You have probably been reading about Sargol for years, and at the same time you have been wishing for something that would make you fat. Stop wishing, that won't give you an ounce of extra flesh. If you want rounded cheeks, a nice plump nose, rounded arms, legs or chest go to the nearest chemist's shop and get a box of Sargol, and soon you—like the man in the picture—will be laughing at yourself for having been thin for years when you see how quickly it rounds out your figure to beautiful proportions.

Sargol contains no Dope, no Drugs, it is a simple, wholesome food in Tablet form, that enables you to properly assimilate your food so that you will gain all the strength and nourishment in the various things you eat. It is guaranteed to give you increased weight, rich, pure blood, a good complexion, good digestion, refreshing sleep, steady nerves, new life, vigor and good health.

Don't be embarrassed and humiliated by your thinness any more. Show the world you can weigh exactly what you should weigh. Obey that impulse. Get a package of Sargol to-day and start taking it at once. You will soon have a good colour in your cheeks, a twinkle in your eye, and have a fine poise in your whole body. If you are interested and want to give this wonderful preparation a trial, send 3d. in stamps to Sargol Co., Dept. 104, Great Queen Street, London, W.C., and they will send you a regular 2s. 6d. package of this marvellous flesh food absolutely free. Sargol is sold and recommended by first-class chemists everywhere. But application for the free 2s. 6d. package must be made direct to the Sargol Co. No free packages from chemists.

Diabetes

Simple Herb Quickly Cures This
Dread Disease to Stay Cured.

Diabetes has heretofore been considered incurable, and the only hope held out to the afflicted has been to prolong their years by strict dieting.

A plant recently discovered in Mexico, called Diabetol-Herb, has been found to be a specific in the treatment of diabetes, quickly reducing the specific gravity and sugar, restoring vigour, and building up the system.

This harmless vegetable remedy will relieve the patient of his worst symptoms in the most aggravated cases within a week, and to prove it we will post the first 2s. 6d. package for 1s. with free booklet of special value to the diabetic, containing latest diet list and exclusive table of food values, giving percentage of starch and sugar (carbohydrates) in 250 different foods.

Tell your afflicted friends of this offer, and send 1s. to-day for a full-sized 2s. 6d. package: AMES CHEMICAL CO. (Dept. 1 A), 8, Bouvencourt-street, London, E.C. You may purchase Diabetol at ordinary retail prices of Boots and other chemists.—(Advtd.)

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

is the best remedy for
ACIDITY of the STOMACH,
HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT,
and INDIGESTION.

Safest and most effective Aperient for Regular Use.

Fatal Benzoline Accident.

By the explosion yesterday of benzoline, which he was pouring on an office fire, W. Horbury, of Leeds, received fatal burns.

In Memory of General Gordon.

The anniversary sermon on the death of General Gordon was preached at Sandringham Church on Sunday by the Rev. J. E. Watts, Ditchfield, when the offertory amounted to £147 10s.

Emigrated to Help Husband.

At a Bethnal Green inquest yesterday it was stated that a wife emigrated to Canada to send money back to her sick husband, but could get no employment and returned.

Ducal Motorist Runs Over Child.

Duke Ferdinand of Schleswig-Holstein, the Kaiser's brother-in-law, while steering his motor-car at Eckenbörner, near Kiel, yesterday (says a Reuter Berlin message), ran down and killed a child.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Another Buoyant Rise in Consols—Strong Markets.

9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

There was a marked expansion in both investment and speculative business in the Stock Exchange yesterday, and markets throughout were strong. Gilt-edged securities were again "booming," and active support was accorded to Canadian and Mexican Rails. Numerous individual features of strength, such as Marconis and Russo-Asiatics, developed.

Gilt-edged securities were again a buoyant market. Consols leading the way with a spurt of another 13-16 to 73 13-16 for cash. The new Victorian scrip rose to a high premium on the news that the subscription lists, which could have remained open until the close of business to-morrow, were closed at noon yesterday. Home Rails further improved, the biggest gain being in "Metu," which rose a point to 402.

Americans were cheerful and Canadas advanced 24 more points to 2194. Trunks were also strong and Mexicans rose vigorously, the Seconds jumping four points to 674, the Firsts two to 112, and the Ordinary 14 to 36. Argentine Rails advanced smartly, and San Paulos and United of Havanas each gained a point, but Brazil Common relapsed afresh to 30.

Foreigners were again conspicuous for the strength of their buying, and among Industrials a prominent feature was a spurt of another 1 to 3 16 in Marconis. The Canadian shares rose 1s. to 11s. Pekins, Shansis, Mexican Trams and Royal Mails were also in good demand. Ammanud Pros Crude fell 1 to 54, but the Preference kept steady at 20s. 9d. Pictorial Newspaper Ordinary rose 3d. to 22s. 6d., and the Preference were firm at 18s. 8d. Associated Newspaper Ordinary and Preference were again quoted at 24s. and 20s. 6d.

The feature among Mines was a spurt of 1 to 44 in Russo-Asiatics. South Africans were cheerful, with Modders strong at 12 1-16, and in the Diamond group De Beers spurted to 17 3-16. Shamvas rose 3-16 to 2 and Tintos jumped 1 to 69.

THREE TRIES AT SUICIDE.

That he had cut his throat with a razor, taken poison and drowned himself was the evidence given at the inquest held at St. Pancras yesterday concerning the death of William Herbert Doughty. He was a perfumer's warehouseman, aged thirty-nine, and was found in Highgate bathing pond, Parliament Hill Fields. On the bank were found the razor and a medicine bottle.

Deceased, it was stated, was not of sober habits, and had threatened to make "a hole in the water."

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide whilst of unsound mind.

FLOUR THROWN AT MINISTER.

When Mr. McKinnon Wood, the Secretary for Scotland, had finished his speech in connection with the opening of an addition to an Edinburgh high-grade school yesterday a suffragette dashed on to the platform and threw a packet of flour at him.

The contents missed his face, but plentifully besprinkled his garment. The woman was prevented from throwing a second packet, and was hustled from the hall, exclaiming, "Torturing women!"

SIR THOMAS DEWAR'S 11 LIONS.

NAIROBI, Jan. 19.—Sir Thomas Dewar, who has shot eleven lions in addition to twenty-five other varieties of big game, arrived here to-day. The party are bringing back a cinematograph film, 7,000ft. long, of the hunt.—Central News.

FREE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

SCIENTIST'S GENEROUS GIFT.

Extraordinary interest has been aroused by the recent discovery of a new antiseptic, and a scientific society lately expels Uric Acid from the system, thus affording immediate relief to all sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, and Lumbago.

This remedy is easy and pleasant to take, gives instant relief from pain, and is guaranteed to be absolutely no injurious after-effects of any kind whatsoever. To enable every sufferer to verify the truth of these statements the discoverer has decided to give away 10,000 Free Trial Treatments. This remedy is sent 3d. stamp to—J. W. Scott of packing and postage) to the Sole Agents, Sammak Ltd. (Dept. 14), 15-16, Vine Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C. and you will receive a Free Trial Treatment, sufficient to cure any ordinary case of Rheumatism, by return.

MR. JESSE COLLINGS, M.P., TO RESIGN HIS SEAT: SEE PAGE II.

The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

THE FIRST AIRMAN TO MAKE A FLIGHT INDOORS: SEE PAGE II.

No. 3,195.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1914

One Halfpenny.

CURLING STONE OF BREAD.



Mr. Allan Young, winner of fancy headdress competition at Murren. It is a curling stone made of bread.

FUNERALS PROHIBITED.



Notice at the junction of Christchurch-road and Palace-road, Streatham-hill, S.W. But what do the powers that be consider "objectionable traffic?"

MR. ROBERT. SIEVIER NOT GUILTY.



Mr. T. H. Dey.

Mr. R. S. Sievier.

The trial of Mr. Robert Standish Sievier, the well-known sporting journalist, took place at the Old Bailey yesterday. Mr. Sievier, who pleaded not guilty, was charged with threatening Mr. Thomas Henry Dey, a bookmaker, to print and publish divers matters concerning him with intent to extort money.

THE TANGO'S RIVAL FROM CHINA: REVIVING THE TA-TAO AFTER 4,000 YEARS.



The interlocking movement.



A dip like the tango.



Characteristic attitude.



Graceful overarm movement.

M. Lefort, president of the Society of Dancing Professors, in Paris, and his wife, who introduced the Ta-Tao, executing the dance for *The Daily Mirror*. The Ta-Tao is

China's most ancient dance, and has been lying dormant for more than 4,000 years. It is a slow, graceful measure, and is easy to learn.